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FEBRUARY

LIGHTNING

COMICS

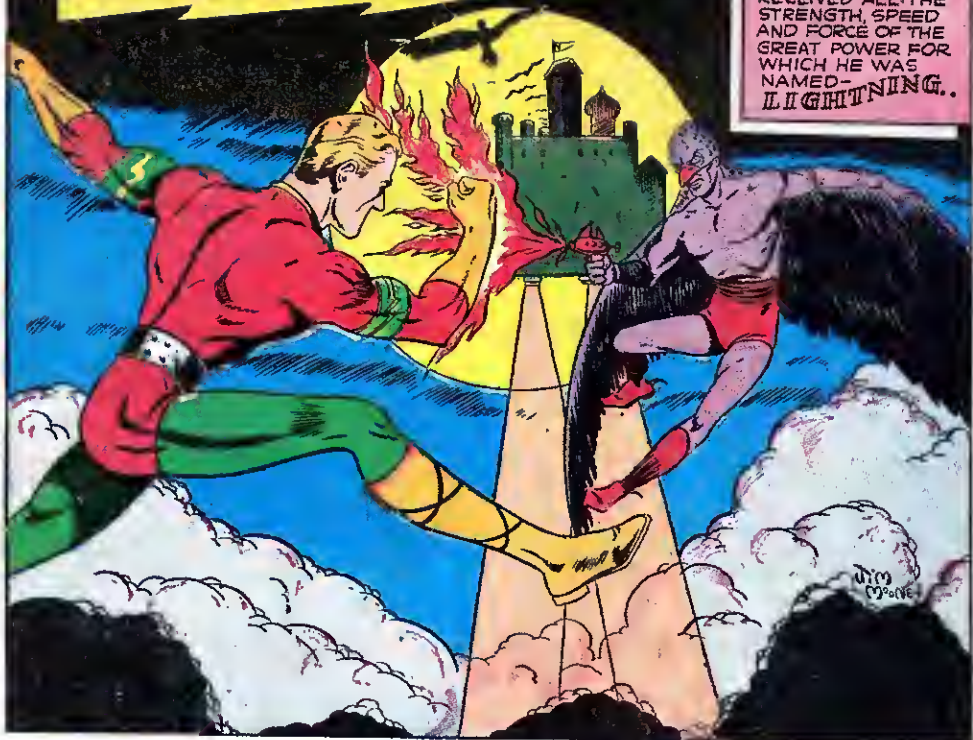




WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

LIGHTNING

FROM AN EGYPTIAN MYSTIC KNOWN ONLY AS THE OLD MAN OF THE PYRAMIDS, LIGHTNING RECEIVED ALL THE STRENGTH, SPEED AND FORCE OF THE GREAT POWER FOR WHICH HE WAS NAMED—LIGHTNING.



ABOARD A CRUISE SHIP IN THE GULF OF MEXICO

CAPTAIN BLAKE, LOOK! A GREAT BANK OF PURPLE FOG DEAD AHEAD!

AND ONLY A FEW MINUTES AGO THE NIGHT WAS CLEAR AS CRYSTAL. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS

CUT TO HALF SPEED AND SOUND THE FOG HORNS. WE'VE GOT TO GET THROUGH THAT PURPLE PEASOUP BEFORE WE CAN REACH THE ATLANTIC

A FEW MINUTES LATER AS THE SHIP REACHES THE FOG. . . .





I- I SAW IT! THE PURPLE WALL ISN'T A FOG AT ALL. IT'S SOLID!

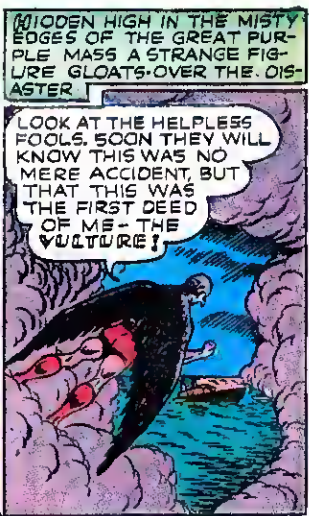
WE'RE SINKING! HELP!
PLENTY OF ROOM IN THE LIFEBOATS FOR EVERYONE. BE CALM, FOLKS!



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, SIR?

IT'S THE WEIRDEST THING I'VE SEEN IN TWENTY YEARS AT SEA

ABOUT A HUNDRED MILES AWAY, THE OLD MAN OF THE PYRAMIDS HAS SUMMONED LIGHTNING



HIDDEN HIGH IN THE MISTY EDGES OF THE GREAT PURPLE MASS A STRANGE FIGURE GLOATS OVER THE DISASTER

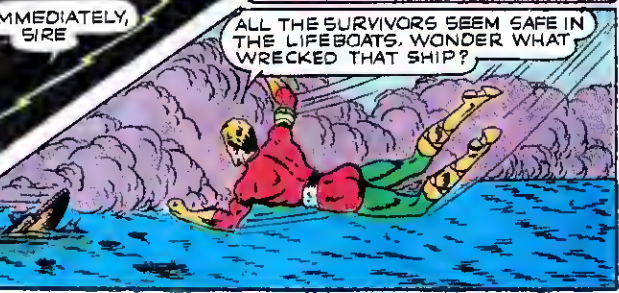
LOOK AT THE HELPLESS FOOLS. SOON THEY WILL KNOW THIS WAS NO MERE ACCIDENT, BUT THAT THIS WAS THE FIRST DEED OF ME - THE VULTURE!



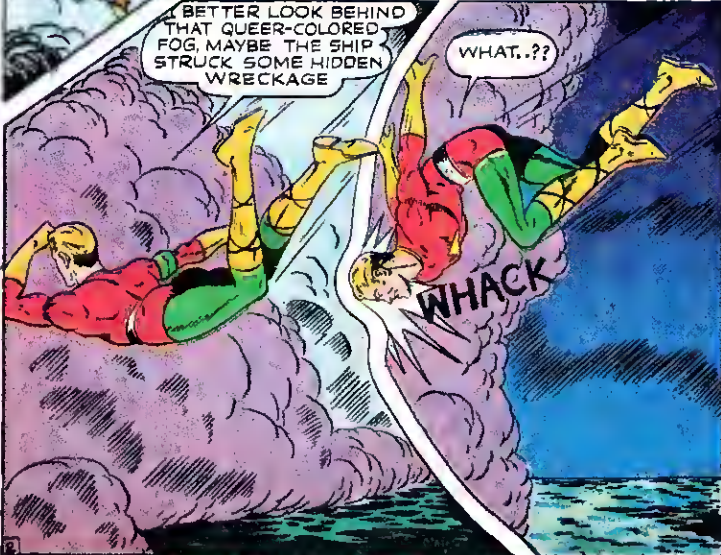
MY SON TERRIBLE THINGS ARE HAPPENING DOWN IN THE GULF OF MEXICO. GO AT ONCE, AND DO WHAT YOU CAN

IMMEDIATELY, SIR

SWIFTLY AS A STREAK OF ELECTRIC FIRE, LIGHTNING FLASHES SOUTHWARD AND.



ALL THE SURVIVORS SEEM SAFE IN THE LIFEBOATS. WONDER WHAT WRECKED THAT SHIP?



I BETTER LOOK BEHIND THAT QUEER-COLORED FOG. MAYBE THE SHIP STRUCK SOME HIDDEN WRECKAGE

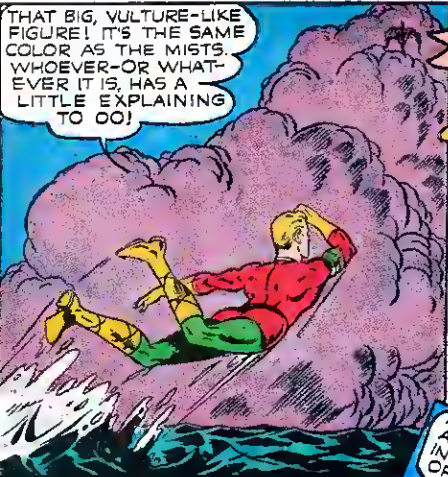
WHAT...??

WHACK



NOW I KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT SHIP. HMM A SOLID WALL HIDDEN BEHIND A THIN PURPLE MIST AND IT DIDN'T JUST GET THERE. SOMEONE PUT IT THERE FOR JUST THAT PURPOSE - TO WRECK SHIPS

LIGHTNING FOLLOWS THE VULTURE INTO THE SKY AND SEES. . .



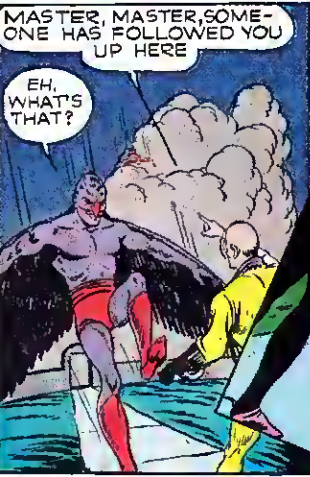
THAT BIG, VULTURE-LIKE FIGURE! IT'S THE SAME COLOR AS THE MISTS. WHOEVER-OR WHAT-EVER IT IS, HAS A LITTLE EXPLAINING TO DO!



A CITY IN THE SKY!

AH! YOU ARE THE MAN KNOWN AS LIGHTNING. COME TO MEDIATE IN MY AFFAIRS. WE'LL GET RID OF YOU IN A HURRY

SINCE THOSE ARE THE LAST QUESTIONS YOU'LL EVER ASK, I SHALL ANSWER THEM FOR YOU. THIS IS THE BLACK CITY OF THE SKY AND I AM ITS RULER - THE VULTURE



MASTER, MASTER, SOMEONE HAS FOLLOWED YOU UP HERE

EH, WHAT'S THAT?



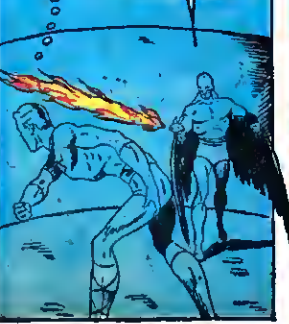
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT CITY IS THIS?



A BLINDING BOLT OF FLAME LEAPS FROM THE VULTURE'S GUN.

JUST GOT OUT OF THAT FIRE-BEAM IN TIME

YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE THAT EASILY!



GRAB HIM!

STAY BACK, YOU MEN



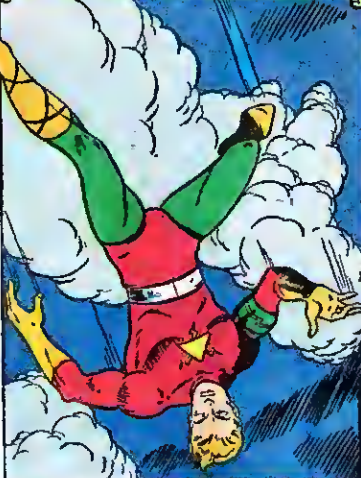
I WARNED YOU

THIS TIME I CANNOT MISS

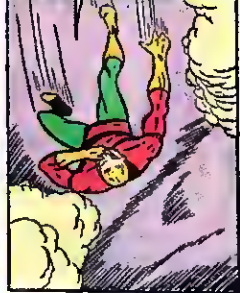


NO ONE CAN STAND UP AGAINST THE VULTURE

THE FORCE OF THE FLAME BOLT KNOCKS LIGHTNING CLEAR OUT OF THE CITY. HE DROPS DOWN THROUGH THE CLOUDS, DOWN, DOWN.



BUT HIS SWIFT DESCENT FORCES HIM TO RECOVER
WHEW!
THAT FLAME HAS ALMOST AS MUCH POWER AS ONE OF MY LIGHTNING BOLTS. THE VULTURE IS GOING TO BE TOUGH TO HANDLE



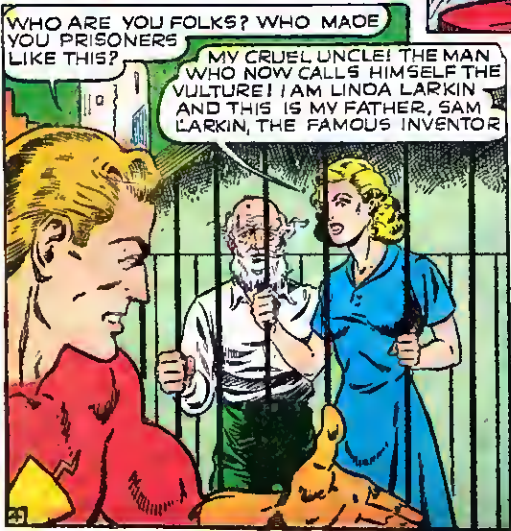
I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT FIEND'S PURPOSE IS IN DROPPING THAT PURPLE WALL ACROSS THE GULF—AND WRECKING SHIPS.



THE ONLY LIGHT IN THE CITY IS IN THAT BUILDING—THE VULTURE MUST BE THERE



WHAT'S THIS?



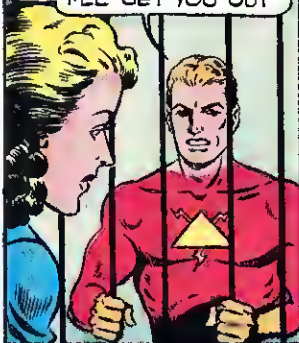
WHO ARE YOU FOLKS? WHO MADE YOU PRISONERS LIKE THIS?

MY CRUEL UNCLE! THE MAN WHO NOW CALLS HIMSELF THE VULTURE! I AM LINDA LARKIN AND THIS IS MY FATHER, SAM LARKIN, THE FAMOUS INVENTOR



DAD INVENTED THE FLAME-RAY GUN AND THE PURPLE WALL OF SOLIDIFIED FOG TO BE USED FOR THE DEFENSE OF AMERICA AND THE VULTURE STOLE THEM FOR HIS OWN EVIL USES THEN IMPRISONED US

HE HAS NO RIGHT TO CAGE YOU UP LIKE ANIMALS. I'LL GET YOU OUT



STOP! THE VULTURE! SINCE YOU LIKE POWERFUL WEAPONS, MISTER, I'LL GIVE YOU A TASTE OF MINE



LIGHTNING HURLS AN ELECTRIC BOLT



BUT THE VULTURE MERELY DRAWS HIS ROBES AROUND HIM AND THE BOLT GLANCES HARMLESSLY OFF

FOOL! THIS CLOAK IS SPECIALLY TREATED TO WITHSTAND ANY FORCE

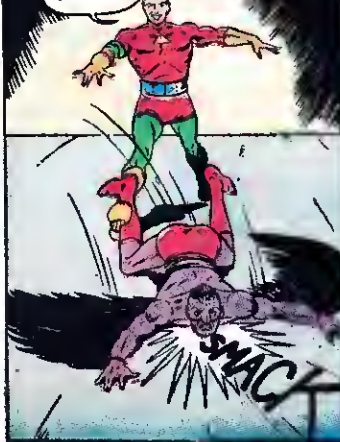


OKAY, PAL BUT YOU FORGET I CAN GET UNDER THAT CLOAK WITH MY FISTS

HELP! MEN OF THE BLACK CITY, COME HELP YOUR MASTER



DOWN YOU GO



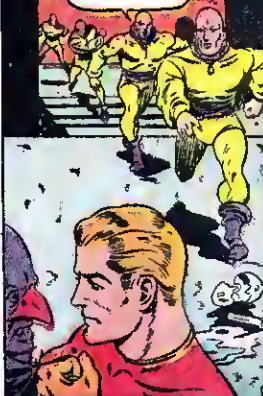
THE FLAME-RAY THAT THE VULTURE HURLED AT LIGHTNING HIT THE BARS AND MELTED THEM. LET'S GET OUT AND TRY TO HELP LIGHTNING, DAD

THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN WANTING TO GET AT THAT MADMAN HALF-BROTHER OF MINE



IN ANSWER TO THE VULTURE'S CALL FOR HELP

HE'S ATTACKING THE MASTER! KILL HIM



THIS IS A PRIVATE BRAWL BETWEEN YOUR BOSS AND ME YOU MUGS. SORRY

I'LL GET HIM YET



THE VULTURE LEFT ONE OF HIS FLAME-RAY GUNS LYING HERE

HURRY AND SHOOT HIM WITH IT, DAD, BEFORE HE KILLS LIGHTNING

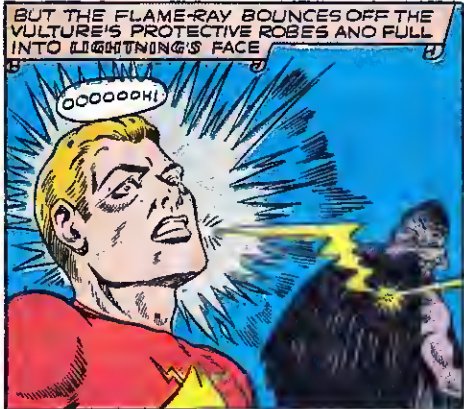


THERE YOU ARE VULTURE THAT WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU



BUT THE FLAME-RAY BOUNCES OFF THE VULTURE'S PROTECTIVE ROBES AND FALLS INTO LIGHTNING'S FACE

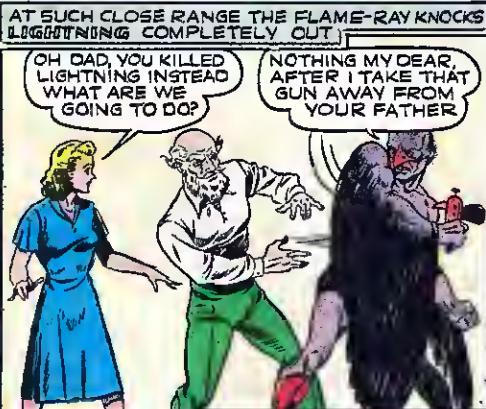
OOOOOOH!



AT SUCH CLOSE RANGE THE FLAME-RAY KNOCKS LIGHTNING COMPLETELY OUT

OH DAD, YOU KILLED LIGHTNING INSTEAD WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

NOTHING MY DEAR AFTER I TAKE THAT GUN AWAY FROM YOUR FATHER



NOW, BEHAVE YOURSELVES UNTIL I GET A NEW CAGE OR I'LL KILL YOU BOTH



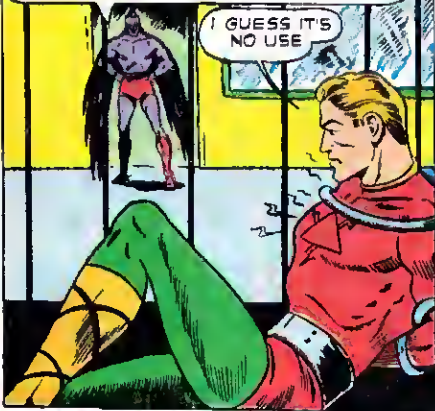
A FEW MINUTES LATER. . . .

AH I SEE THAT THE BIG HERO IS COMING TO JUST IN TIME TO ENJOY HIS NEW CAGE

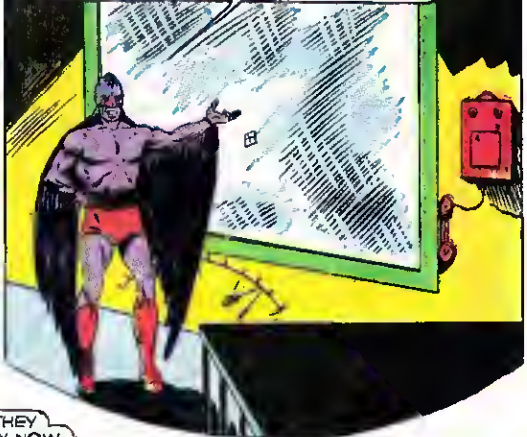
THANK GOODNESS LIGHTNING WASN'T KILLED



STRUGGLE ALL YOU WANT LIGHTNING
THOSE ROPES ARE RUBBER-COATED TO
WITHSTAND YOUR ELECTRICAL POWERS

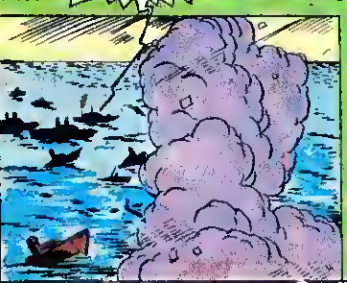


MY PURPLE FOG BANK HAS BY NOW SPREAD CLEAR
ACROSS THE GULF OF MEXICO COMPLETELY
CLOSING IT IN. I'LL TUNE IN MY TELESCOPTO
MACHINE AND SEE WHAT HAS HAPPENED



THE BIG SCREEN LIGHTS UP AND
SOON A SCENE OF GREAT TERROR
IS SHOWN UPON IT.

WE ARE TRAPPED HERE IN THE GULF.
CAN'T GET OUT INTO THE OCEAN SO
LONG AS THAT WALL OF PURPLE
REMAINS



SEE! THEY
HAVE BY NOW
LEARNED THAT THERE IS NO
SENSE IN TRYING TO CRASH
THROUGH THE WALL. NOW THE
NATIONS OF ALL THOSE TRAP-
PED SHIPS WILL HAVE TO
MEET MY DEMANDS



HELLO! IS THIS THE PRESI-
DENT OF THE UNITED STATES?
THIS IS THE VULTURE, KING OF
THE BLACK CITY OF THE
SKY. IF YOU WANT AMERICAN
SHIPS TO BE LET OUT OF
THE GULF YOUR GOVERN-
MENT WILL HAVE TO PAY
ME A MILLION DOLLARS!



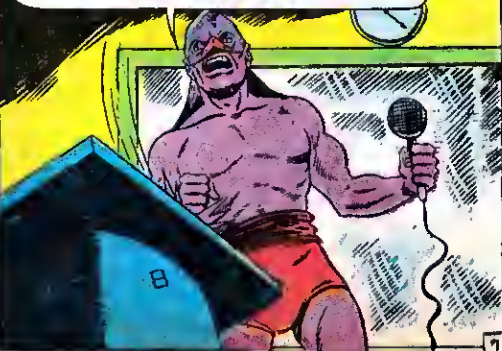
AT THE OTHER END OF THE LINE...

NO! IF WE GIVE INTO YOU, THERE'LL BE
NO STOPPING YOU. WE'LL FIND SOME WAY
TO BREAK DOWN THAT WALL. WE
REFUSE TO PAY YOU



THE VULTURE THEN
CALLS THE HEADS
OF OTHER GOVERN-
MENTS OF SHIPS TRAP-
PED IN THE GULF AND GETS THE SAME ANSWER
FROM ALL OF THEM!

THE IMBECIL ES! I'LL
SHDW THEM IT DOESN'T PAY TO REFUSE THE
VULTURE. I'LL DESTROY ALL THEIR SHIPS



AND YOU THREE SHALL DIE
ALONG WITH ALL THE PEOPLE
ON THOSE TRAPPED SHIPS

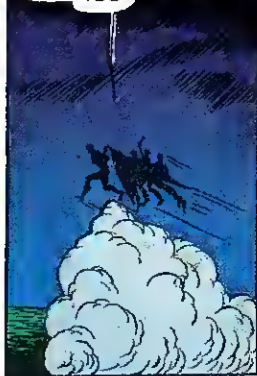


PUT US DOWN, YOU-YOU MANIAC

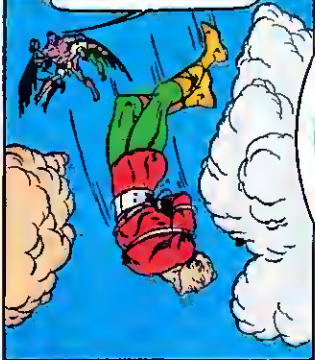
WHY DON'T YOU LET MISS
LARKIN AND HER FATHER GO
AND JUST KILL ME? THEY
CAN'T HURT YOU



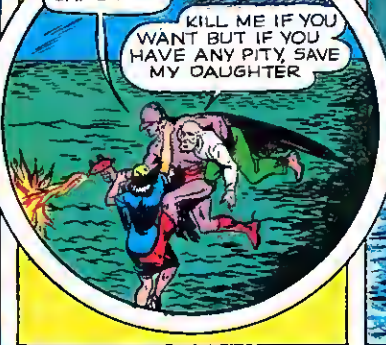
OH NO, IT WILL BE MORE
FUN TO KILL ALL OF
YOU



WATCH YOU TWO, FIRST I SHALL
DESTROY LIGHTNING AND
WATCH YOUR TERROR AS YOU
THINK OF THE SAME THING
HAPPENING TO YOU

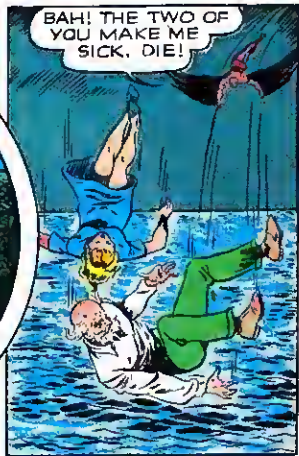


THE FLAME-RAY WILL MAKE
A SEA OF LIQUID FIRE OUT OF
THE GULF. AFTER YOU HAVE
WATCHED LIGHTNING DIE, YOU
TWO SHALL SUFFER THE
SAME FATE



KILL ME IF YOU
WANT BUT IF YOU
HAVE ANY PITY, SAVE
MY DAUGHTER

BAH! THE TWO OF
YOU MAKE ME
SICK. DIE!



IN THE BOILING, FLAMING SEA OF THE
GULF, LIGHTNING NOW FLOUNTERS,
HELPLESSLY

EVEN WITH MY ELECTRIC
POWERS I CAN'T STAND
MUCH MORE OF
THIS TERRIFIC
HEAT



THE HEAT WEAKENED
MY BONOS. I'M FREE



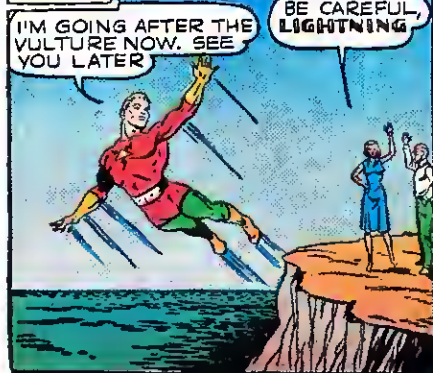
THEY'LL BE KILLED INSTANTLY
IF THEY HIT THIS
FLAMING WATER



IT'S LIGHTNING DAD...
HE'S SAVED US



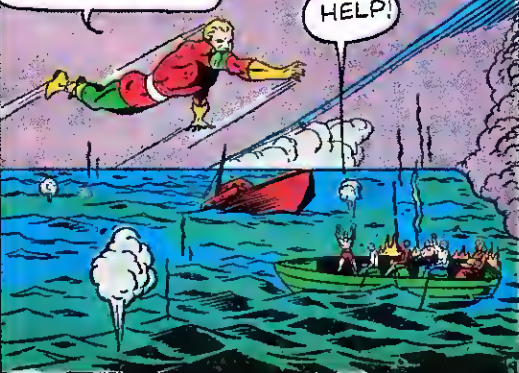
LIGHTNING TAKES THE OLD INVENTOR
AND HIS DAUGHTER SAFELY TO LAND,
THEN...



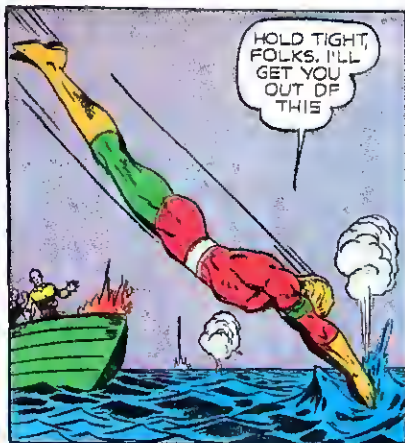
I'M GOING AFTER THE
VULTURE NOW. SEE
YOU LATER

BE CAREFUL,
LIGHTNING

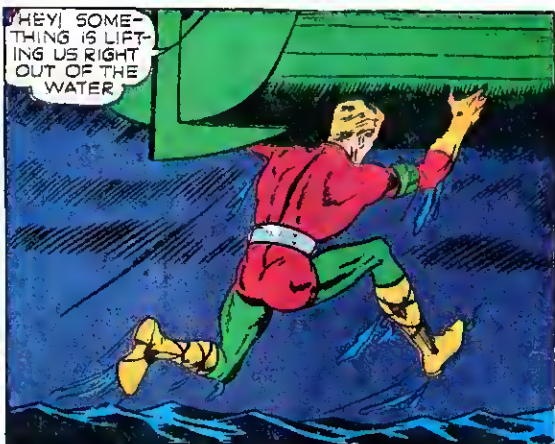
FIRST I'D BETTER SAVE THE
POOR FOLKS IN THAT
BURNING LIFEBOAT



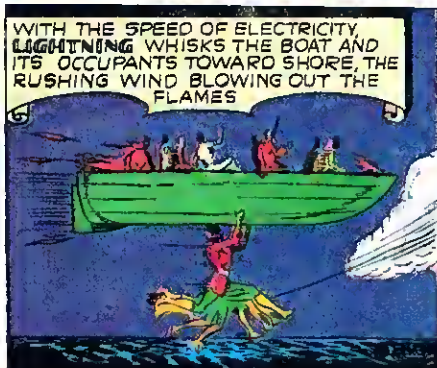
HELP!



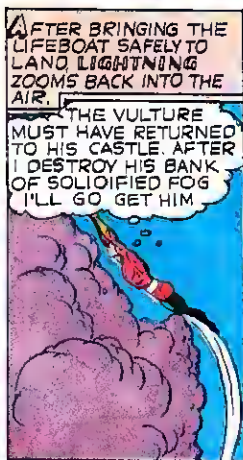
HOLD TIGHT, FOLKS. I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS



HEY! SOMETHING IS LIFTING US RIGHT OUT OF THE WATER



WITH THE SPEED OF ELECTRICITY, LIGHTNING WHISKS THE BOAT AND ITS OCCUPANTS TOWARD SHORE, THE RUSHING WIND BLOWING OUT THE FLAMES

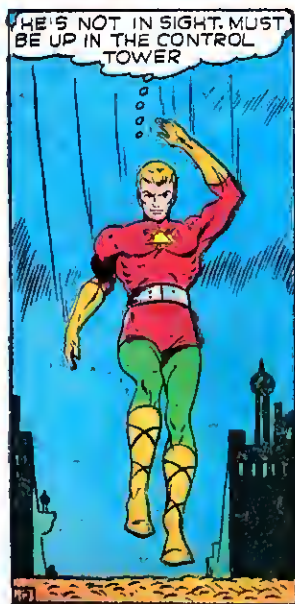


AFTER BRINGING THE LIFEBOAT SAFELY TO LAND LIGHTNING ZOOMS BACK INTO THE AIR.

THE VULTURE MUST HAVE RETURNED TO HIS CASTLE. AFTER I DESTROY HIS BANK OF SOLIDIFIED FOG I'LL GO GET HIM



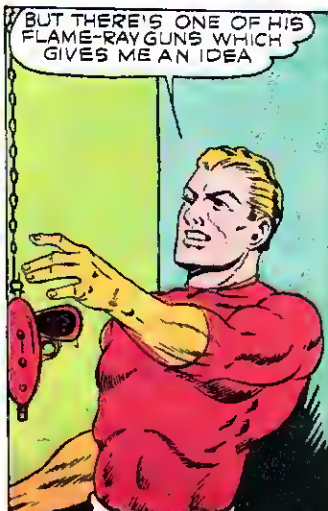
NO MORE SHIPS WILL BE TRAPPED IN THE GULF NOW



HE'S NOT IN SIGHT. MUST BE UP IN THE CONTROL TOWER

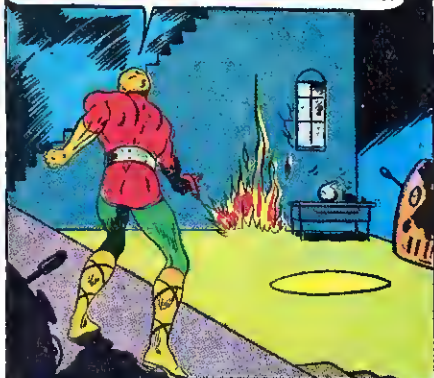


HE'S NOT HERE EITHER



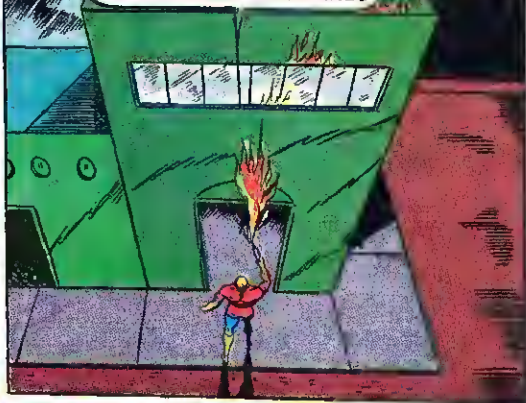
BUT THERE'S ONE OF HIS FLAME-RAYGUNS WHICH GIVES ME AN IDEA

IF THE VULTURE SEES HIS BLACK CITY IN FLAMES HE'LL RETURN IN A HURRY.



OUTSIDE LIGHTNING SETS SEVERAL OTHER BUILDINGS AFIRE WITH THE FLAME-RAY GUN

WHEREVER HE IS, THE VULTURE WILL SEE THESE FIRES



SOME DISTANCE AWAY AS THE VULTURE RETURNS FROM A TRIP TO AMERICA FOR SUPPLIES

MY CITY! MY KINGDOM— IN FLAMES!



SO IT IS YOU WHO DID THIS TO MY CITY, FOR THAT...

YES VULTURE, NOW YOU AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE IT OUT MAN TO MAN

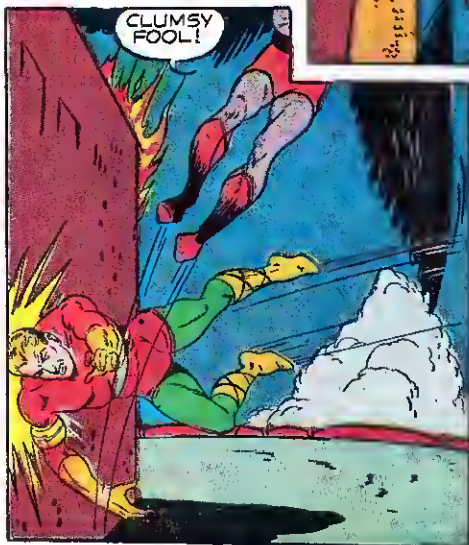


YOU WON'T GET ME

I WOULDN'T BET ON THAT

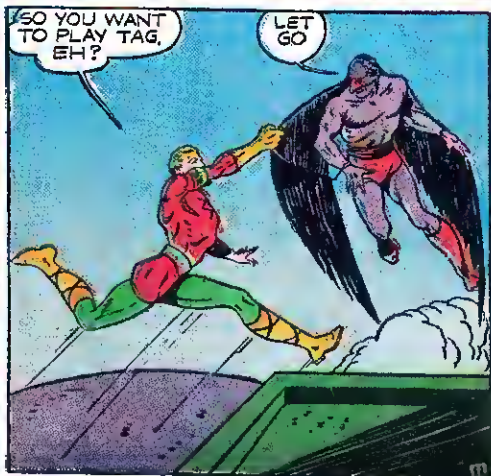


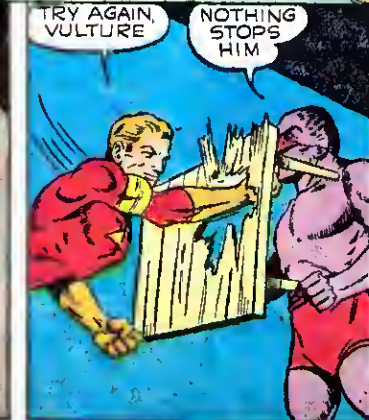
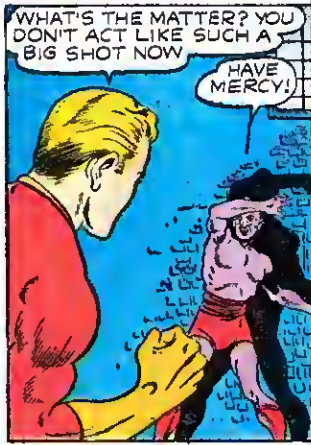
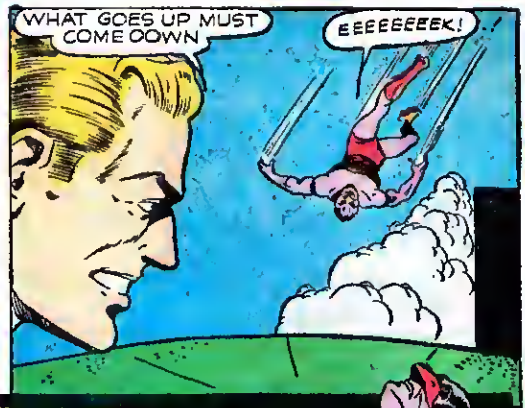
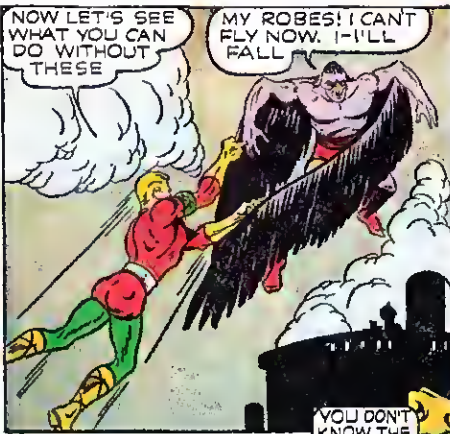
CLUMSY FOOL!



SO YOU WANT TO PLAY TAG, EH?

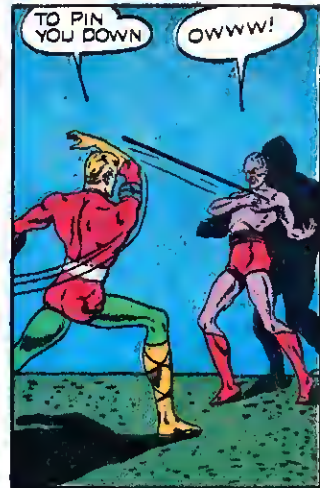
LET GO





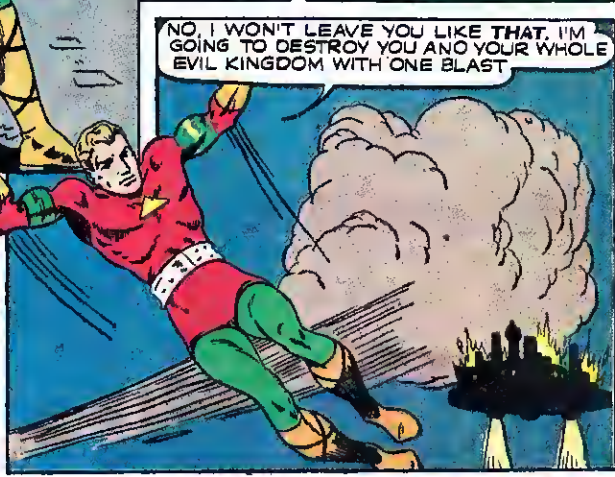


THANKS. THIS IS JUST WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR

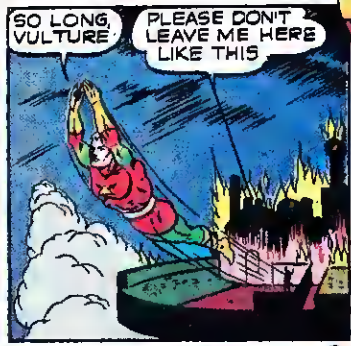


TO PIN YOU DOWN

OWWWW!

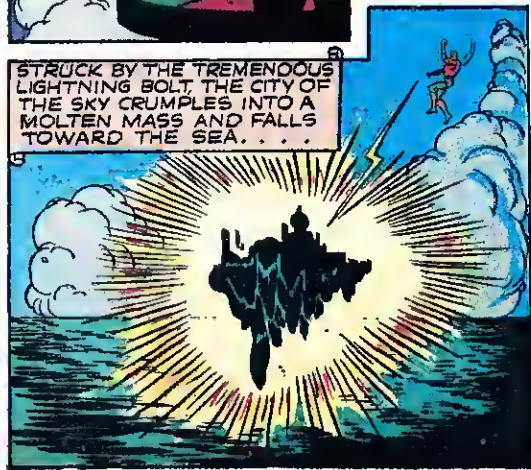


NO, I WON'T LEAVE YOU LIKE THAT. I'M GOING TO DESTROY YOU AND YOUR WHOLE EVIL KINGDOM WITH ONE BLAST



SO LONG VULTURE

PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME HERE LIKE THIS



STRUCK BY THE TREMENDOUS LIGHTNING BOLT, THE CITY OF THE SKY CRUMPLES INTO A MOLTEN MASS AND FALLS TOWARD THE SEA. . . .



AND LIGHTNING RETURNS TO THE OLD MAN OF THE PYRAMIOS.

ANOTHER EVIL POWER HAS BEEN DESTROYED, SIRE

YOU HAVE DONE WELL, MY BOY. THE SIDE OF GOOD ALWAYS WINS

DON'T MISS LIGHTNING IN 4 FAVORITES — ALSO ANOTHER BRAND NEW THRILLER FEATURING LIGHTNING IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

"the" Raven

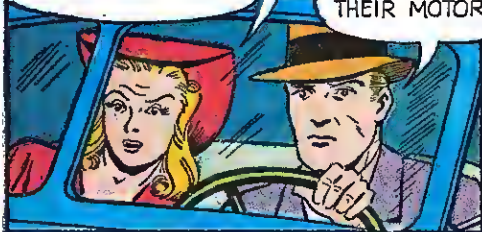
FROM TIME TO TIME, DETECTIVE SERGEANT DANNY DARTIN TAKES THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS AND AS THE MYSTERIOUS RAVEN, GOES FORTH TO ROB DENIZENS OF THE UNDERWORLD AND TURNS HIS LOOT OVER TO THE UNFORTUNATES OF THE CITY. ONLY HIS ASSISTANT, MIKE, AND LOLA LASH, DAUGHTER OF THE CHIEF OF POLICE, KNOW OF DANNY'S DANGEROUS DOUBLE IDENTITY



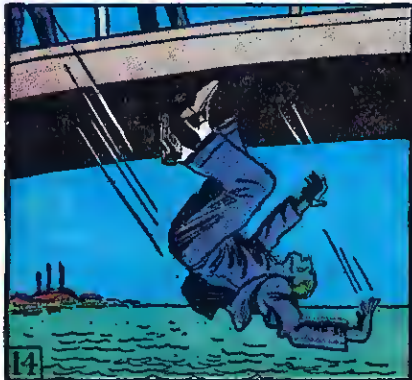
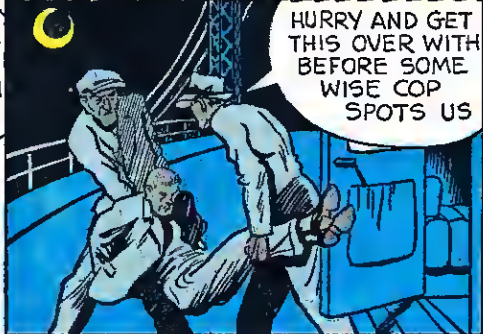
ONE NIGHT, DANNY AND LOLA ARE DRIVING...

THAT CAR AHEAD IS STOPPING, DANNY. I THOUGHT IT WAS AGAINST THE LAW TO PARK ON THIS BRIDGE

IT IS. SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG WITH THEIR MOTOR

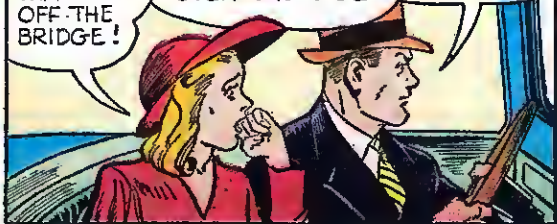


AS THEY DRAW NEARER, THEY SEE ...

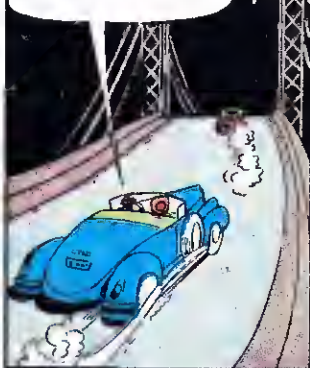


DANNY!
DANNY!
DID YOU SEE THAT?
THEY THREW THAT MAN OFF THE BRIDGE!

AND THERE THEY GO ON THEIR WAY AS THOUGH NOTHING HAD HAPPENED. I-I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO GO AFTER THEM OR TRY AND SAVE THE FELLOW THEY TOSSED OVER THE SIDE



JOT DOWN THAT LICENSE NUMBER, LOLA I'M GOING TO STOP AND DIVE AFTER THAT MAN

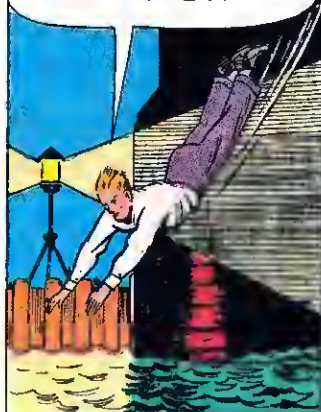


DRIVE THE CAR ON ACROSS, KID. I'LL SEE YOU ON SHORE

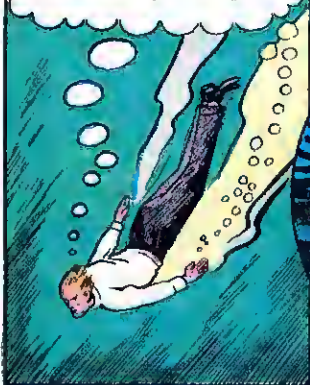
BE CAREFUL, DANNY!



IF I DON'T LAND RIGHT IN THAT WATER! ---



WOW! IT'S A GOOD THING THE RIVER IS PLENTY DEEP HERE



THERE HE IS - OR WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM

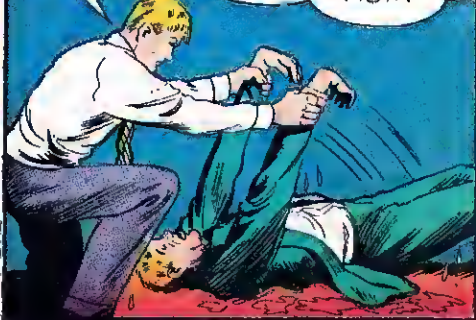


DANNY GRABS THE MAN AND PULLS HIM TO SHORE

BY THE FEEL OF HIM, EVERY BONE IN HIS BODY IS BROKEN. MUST HAVE HIT THE WATER FLAT ON HIS BACK. LOOK AT THAT BUMP ON HIS HEAD...!!



I KNEW I'D SEEN THIS MAN BEFORE. HE'S SAILOR SAXON, THE PRIZE FIGHTER. HE'S SUPPOSED TO GO ON TOMORROW NIGHT AGAINST KILLER KELLY IN THAT BIG CHARITY FIGHT



WELL, I'VE DONE ALL I CAN AND IT'S NO --- WAIT, HE'S TRYING TO SPEAK!



SCARCELY BREATHING, SAILOR SAXON MANAGES TO GIVE OUT A FEW DYING WORDS

MANAGER, DUDE NISSON -- ORDERED ME TO TAKE A DIVE -- TOMORROW -- NIGHT. HE BET THOUSANDS ON KELLY -- BUT I TOLD HIM I COULDN'T DO IT -- AND --

HE DIED BEFORE HE COULD FINISH TALKING, BUT I GOT ENOUGH TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED

A POLICEMAN SENT BY LOLA, ARRIVES AT THE SCENE ...

OKAY, SARGE. YOU'D BETTER GET HOME AND OUT OF THOSE WET DUDS. I'LL TAKE OVER

RIGHT!

YOU DIDN'T TELL THE CDP WHAT SAILOR SAXON SAID BEFORE HE DIED?

NO. NISSON PLANNED THIS CAREFULLY. WE COULDN'T CONVICT HIM ON JUST MY SAY-SO. THE RAVEN IS GOING TO HANDLE IT HIS OWN WAY

THE FOLLOWING MORNING--

THAT CHARITY FIGHT TONIGHT IS CALLED OFF, BOSS, ON ACCOUNT OF SAILOR SAXON CROAKING. THEY CAN'T FIND ANOTHER OPPONENT

WHAT!

THE PROCEEDS OF THAT FIGHT WERE TO GO TO THE HOSPITAL FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN. THOSE KIDS NEED THE MONEY!

BUT WHAT ARE THEY GONNA DO--?

I'LL SHOW THEM WHAT THEY ARE GOING TO DO. I'M GOING TO VISIT DUDE NISSON!

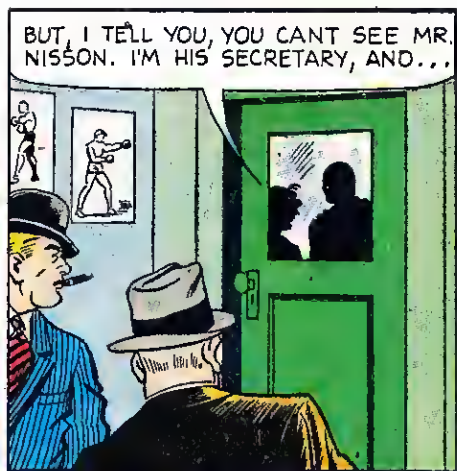
IN THE OFFICE OF DUDE NISSON, PRIZE FIGHT MANAGER

THAT FOOL, SAILOR SAXON! IT'S NOT BAD ENOUGH THAT HE HAD TO BE DUMB, BUT HE HAD TO GO AND GET HONEST ON ME TOO

YEAH, WE COULDA MADE A FORTUNE



WELL, AT LEAST WE DIDN'T LOSE ANY MONEY. TOO BAD ABOUT SAILOR HAVING THAT-HEH, HEH, ACCIDENT!... THE STUPID FOOL TOOK A DIVE AFTER ALL



BUT, I TELL YOU, YOU CANT SEE MR. NISSON. I'M HIS SECRETARY, AND...



I SAY - YOU CAN'T - -- HEY !!

SORRY, THIS IS RATHER URGENT



THE RAVEN!

YEAH, DUDE, YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER.



W-W-WHAT TROUBLES, RAVEN? WHAT--

I'LL PUT IT SIMPLY, THAT FIGHT MUST GO ON TONIGHT. I'LL FIGHT KILLER KELLY IN SAXON'S PLACE



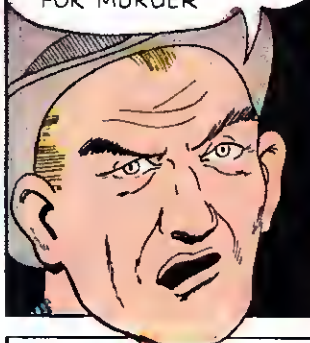
ARE YOU CRAZY? I CAN'T DO ANYTHING LIKE THAT! WHY ---!



WHY NOT? GIVE THE STORY TO THE AFTERNOON PAPERS. EVERY SEAT WILL SELL OUT. I'LL WEAR THIS HOOD IN THE RING. I'LL BE THE BIGGEST DRAWING-CARD YOU EVER HAD

NO, NO! I CAN'T DO IT!

LISTEN, **RAVEN** YOU'RE A SMART, TOUGH GUY, BUT YOU ARE NO FIGHTER. **KILLER KELLY** WOULD SLAUGHTER YOU. THEY'D ARREST ME FOR MURDER



NOT A BAD IDEA AT THAT SO YOU DONT THINK I CAN HANDLE MY FISTS WELL ENOUGH TO GO IN THE RING, EH, DUDE?

NOW, TAKE IT EASY, ER-



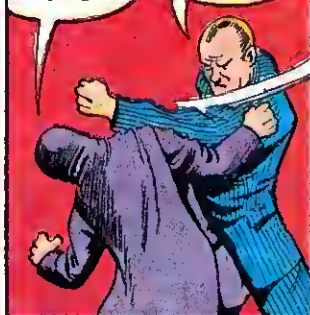
THIS IS WHAT IS KNOWN AS A JAB

OH-OH, THIS'LL BE GOOD. THE **RAVEN** DON'T KNOW DUDE USED TO BE A FIGHTER HIMSELF



AND THAT IS WHAT IS KNOWN AS SLIDING UNDER A PUNCH

WHY, YOU MASKED PUNK, I'LL TAKE YOU APART



WITH LIGHTNING FOOTWORK AND A FLURRY OF WELL TIMED BLOWS, THE **RAVEN** BEATS DUDE HALF SENSELESS

THIS IS CALLED THE FOLLOW-UP ON AN OPPONENT THAT'S HURT



AND THIS IS HOW YOU PUT 'EM AWAY!

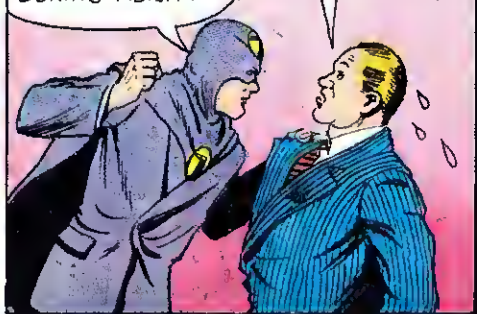


LET'S WAKE HIM UP AND SEE IF THE DEMONSTRATION WAS SATISFACTORY



DO I GET THE FIGHT WITH KELLY, DUDE, OR DO I GIVE YOU ANOTHER DISPLAY OF MY BOXING ABILITY?

SPPPTT! NO, **RAVEN**, NO. YOU WIN. I'LL FIX THE PAPERS RIGHT NOW



OF COURSE, YOU KNOW, ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR - ER - REPUTATION, RAVEN, WE'LL HAVE TO GET PERMISSION FROM POLICE CHIEF LASH TO LET YOU FIGHT

I HADN'T THOUGHT ABOUT THAT

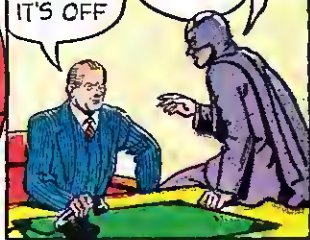


NO, NISSON, I ABSOLUTELY REFUSE. THAT MAN IS A CRIMINAL. IF HE STEPS INTO THAT RING TONIGHT I'LL HAVE MY MEN GRAB HIM



HE WAS SO MAD HE TALKED LOUD ENOUGH FOR YOU TO HEAR HIM. I GUESS IT'S OFF

OH NO, IT'S NOT. GET THOSE PAPERS FIXED RIGHT NOW. I'VE GOT A WAY TO GET LASH'S O.K. WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT



DUBIOUSLY, DUDE NISSON PREPARES THE PAPER AND THE FIGHT IS SIGNED UP

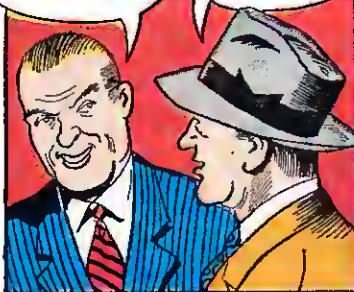
SO LONG, DUDE, SEE YOU RING-SIDE TONIGHT

YEAH -- MAYBE --

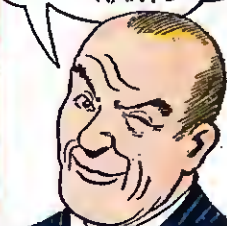


GET ALL MY MONEY AND PUT IT ON KELLY TO BEAT RAVEN BY A KNOCKOUT TONIGHT

YOU CRAZY, DUDE? THAT RAVEN GUY IS GOOD! HE'S LIABLE TO ---



I STILL THINK KELLY CAN TAKE HIM. AND JUST TO MAKE SURE, I'M GOING TO PAY THE REFEREE TO LET KELLY GET AWAY WITH ALL THE ROUGH STUFF HE WANTS



AFTER THE RAVEN LEAVES DUKE'S OFFICE, HE HEADS FOR THE HOSPITAL FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN. NOW, AT THAT INSTITUTION

AND YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO FIGHT KILLER KELLY TONIGHT, MR. RAVEN?

WOW!

I AM IF CHIEF LASH WILL LET ME KIDS. THAT'S WHERE YOU COME IN. I WANT YOU ALL TO SIGN A PETITION ASKING LASH TO LET ME FIGHT TONIGHT

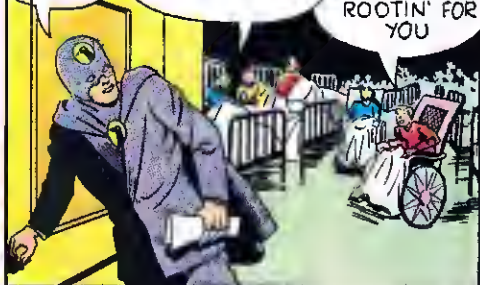


EAGERLY, ALL THE CHILDREN SIGN THE PETITION, AND THEN - - -

THANKS, KIDS. I'LL BE SEEING YOU

GIVE THAT KILLER KELLY ONE FOR ME, RAVEN

WE'LL BE LISTENING TO THE FIGHT AND ROOTIN' FOR YOU



RAVEN HEADS FOR POLICE HEADQUARTERS, SLIPS INTO THE BUILDING, AND . . .

THE RAVEN! HOW DARE YOU WALK IN HERE. I-I-LL-

EASY, CHIEF, THIS GUN TALKS TOUGH



WHAT DO YOU WANT?

YOUR PERMISSION TO FIGHT TONIGHT. YOU KNOW HOW ROTTEN THE FIGHT GAME HAS BECOME IN THIS CITY. FOR ONCE I'M GOING TO GIVE FANS THEIR MONEY'S WORTH IN A STRAIGHT FIGHT

NOT ONLY THAT, BUT IF I DON'T FIGHT KILLER KELLY THE CHARITY FIGHT WILL BE OFF INDEFINITELY AND THOSE POOR CRIPPLED KIDS WILL BE DONE OUT OF ALL THAT MONEY THEY NEED

AND HERE'S SOMETHING YOUR KIND HEART CAN'T RESIST, CHIEF LASH, A PETITION FROM ALL THOSE KIDS, BEGGING YOU TO LET ME FIGHT



WELL- I-I- --

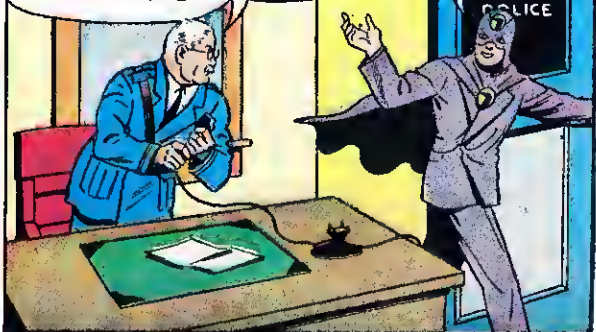


WELL, - UH, HRUMMP! -- AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGMENT I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO DO IT, RAVEN. I'LL CALL NISSON AND GIVE HIM THE OKAY. BUT I'M WARNING YOU, RAVEN -

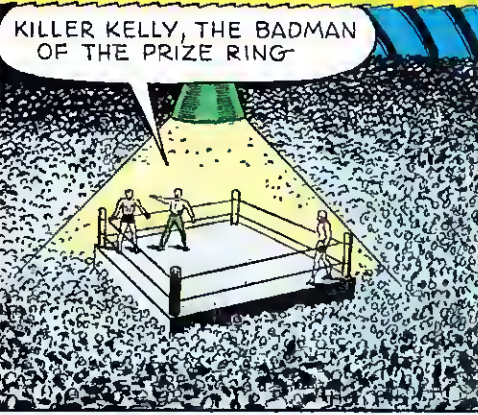


AS SOON AS THAT FIGHT'S OVER, I'LL GIVE YOU TWENTY MINUTES TO GET OUT OF THE COLISEUM AND THEN I'M SICcing MY MEN ON YOU

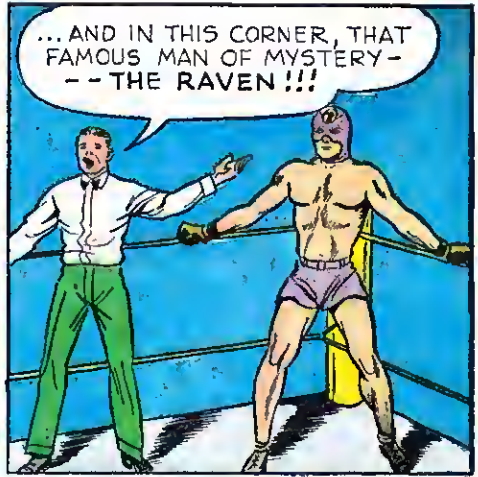
FAIR ENOUGH. BE SEEING YOU!



THAT NIGHT, A RECORD CROWD JAMS THE COLISEUM AS THE FIGHTERS ARRIVE

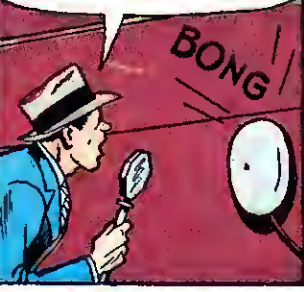


KILLER KELLY, THE BADMAN OF THE PRIZE RING

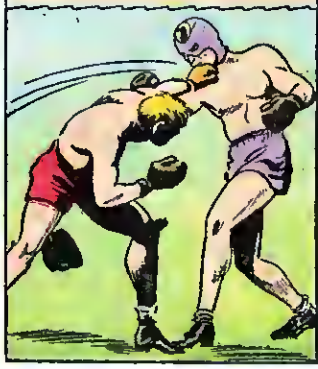


... AND IN THIS CORNER, THAT FAMOUS MAN OF MYSTERY - -- THE RAVEN !!!

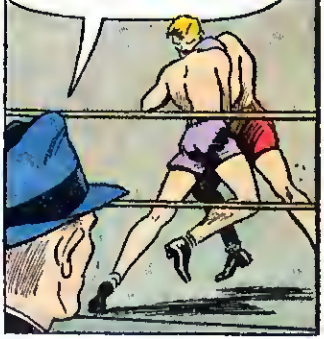
-AND THERE GOES THE BELL, FOLKS. THE BIG SHOW IS ON. BOTH BOYS ARE BIG AND TOUGH. THEY'RE IN THE CENTER OF THE RING, SPARRING FOR AN OPENING, AND -



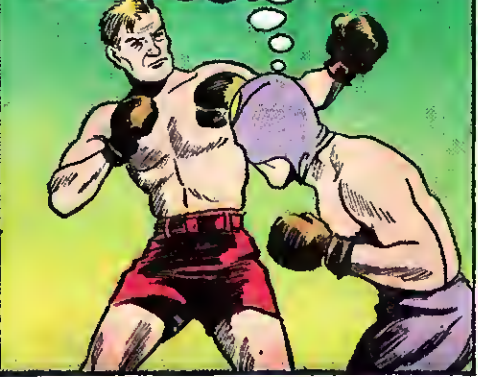
KILLER KELLY LANDS THE FIRST SOLID PUNCH. IT SHAKES THE RAVEN LIKE A CEMENT MIXER



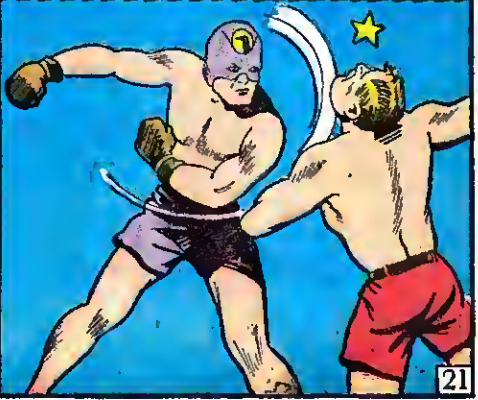
THE RAVEN RECOVERED FROM THAT HOOK ALL RIGHT. LOOK AT HIM GO TO WORK ON KELLY IN THE CLINCHES !



LOOK AT THAT OPENING! IF I CAN LAND ONE NOW ---

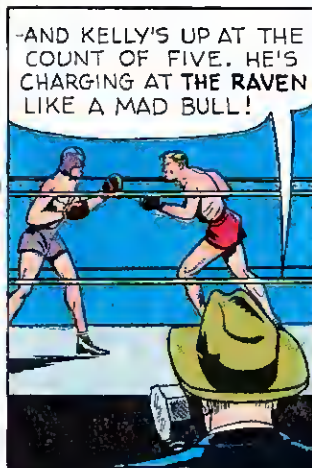


FAST AS A STRIKING SNAKE, THE RAVEN WHIPS OUT A BLOW, IT LANDS! ---





ONE - TWO - THREE -
- FOUR - -

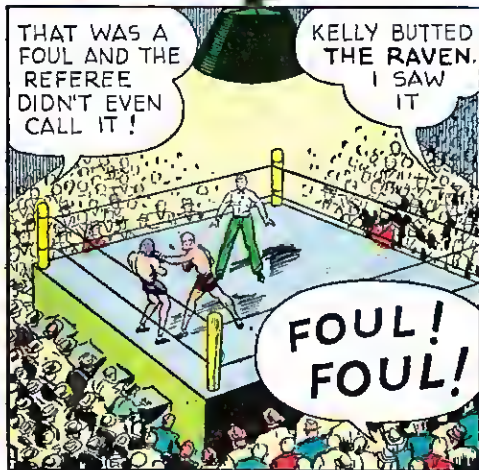


-AND KELLY'S UP AT THE
COUNT OF FIVE. HE'S
CHARGING AT THE RAVEN
LIKE A MAD BULL!



KELLY BREAKS THROUGH AND
BUTTS RAVEN'S CHIN WITH
HIS GRANITE-HARD HEAD

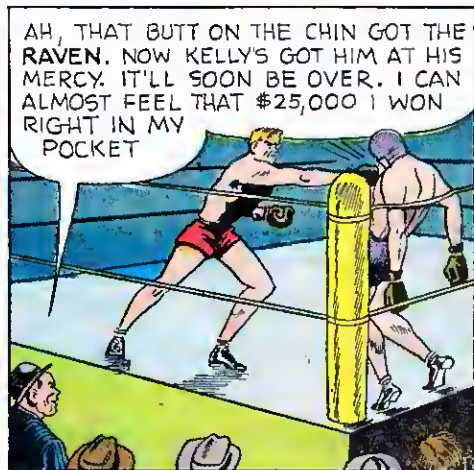
THIS GUY'S TOO TOUGH
FOR ME. ONLY ONE WAY
TO WIN. IF I DON'T WIN
BY FAIR MEANS OR FOUL,
DUDE WILL
MURDER ME!



THAT WAS A
FOUL AND THE
REFEREE
DIDN'T EVEN
CALL IT!

KELLY BUTTED
THE RAVEN.
I SAW
IT

**FOUL!
FOUL!**

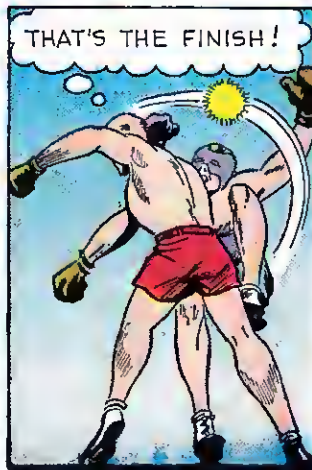


AH, THAT BUTT ON THE CHIN GOT THE
RAVEN. NOW KELLY'S GOT HIM AT HIS
MERCY. IT'LL SOON BE OVER. I CAN
ALMOST FEEL THAT \$25,000 I WON
RIGHT IN MY
POCKET



LOLA LASH SUFFERS IN
SILENT AGONY

OOOH! WHY DON'T THEY
STOP IT! HE'S KILLING
DANNY!

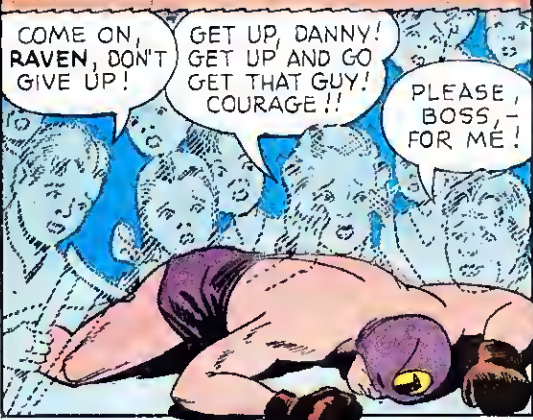


THAT'S THE FINISH!



SIX - SEVEN - EIGHT - -

BATTERED AND SEMI-CONSCIOUS, A FLASHING-DREAMLIKE VISION COMES TO THE RAVEN...



COME ON, RAVEN, DON'T GIVE UP!

GET UP, DANNY! GET UP AND GO GET THAT GUY! COURAGE!!

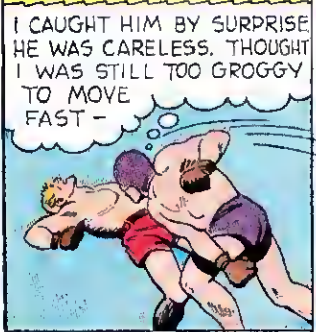
PLEASE, BOSS, - FOR ME!



NINE!-

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE - HE WAS OUT COLD AND NOW HE'S ALMOST FULLY RECOVERED, IT - IT'S A MIRACLE

WITH THE VISION STILL IN HIS MIND, THE RAVEN SEEMS TO HAVE GATHERED NEW STRENGTH. HE LEAPS AT KELLY, AND...



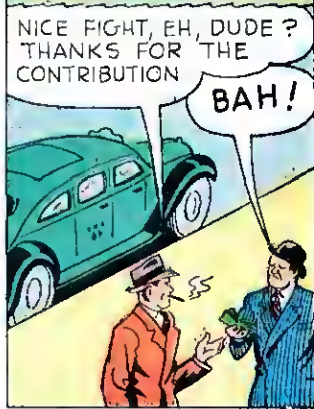
I CAUGHT HIM BY SURPRISE HE WAS CARELESS. THOUGHT I WAS STILL TOO GROGGY TO MOVE FAST -

KILLER KELLY, CAUGHT BY THE WHIRLWIND SURPRISE ATTACK DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE NOW. HE GOES DOWN AND OUT JUST BEFORE THE ROUND ENDS



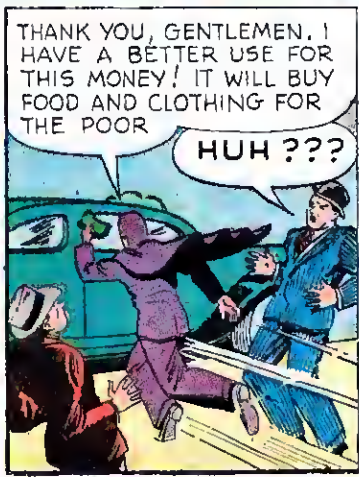
THE WINNER -- THE RAVEN !!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER, OUTSIDE THE COLISEUM



NICE FIGHT, EH, DUDE? THANKS FOR THE CONTRIBUTION

BAH!



THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN. I HAVE A BETTER USE FOR THIS MONEY! IT WILL BUY FOOD AND CLOTHING FOR THE POOR

HUH ???



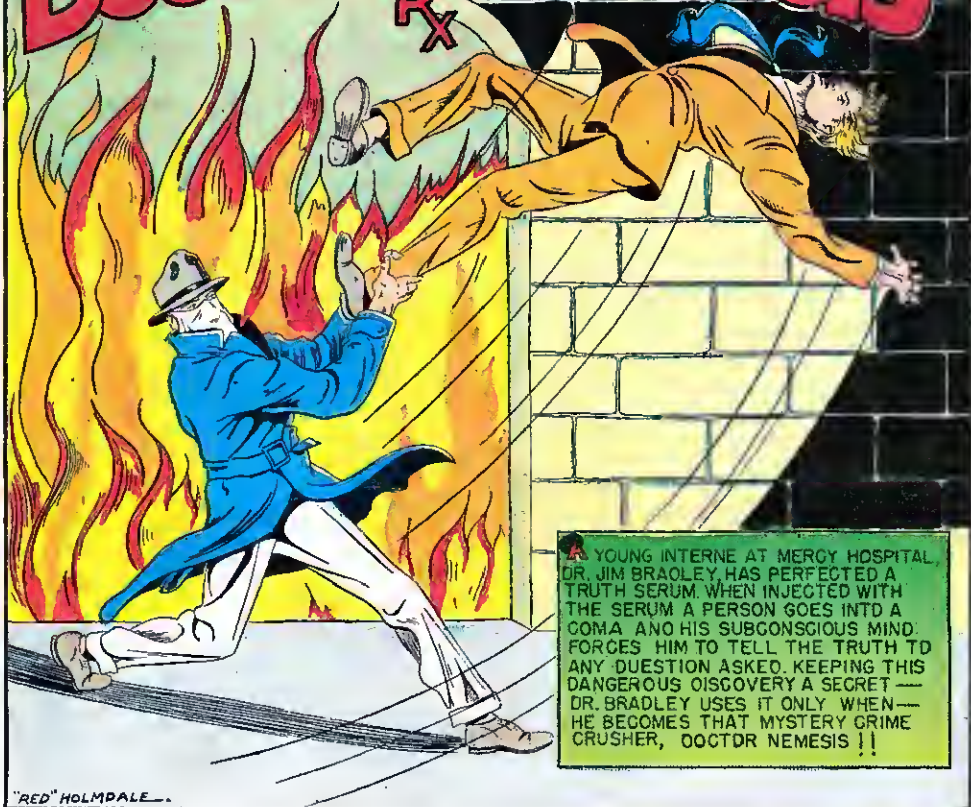
THERE HE GOES, CHIEF. THE TIME LIMIT IS UP, SHALL I SHOOT AFTER THE CAB

NO - NOT AFTER THAT - HRRRUMPH - FIGHT HE PUT UP!

NICELY TIMED, MIKE, OLD MAN!

"THE RAVEN" ALSO APPEARS IN EACH ISSUE OF FOUR FAVORITES. GET A COPY NOW!

DOCTOR NEMESIS



A YOUNG INTERNE AT MERCY HOSPITAL, DR. JIM BRADLEY HAS PERFECTED A TRUTH SERUM. WHEN INJECTED WITH THE SERUM A PERSON GOES INTO A COMA AND HIS SUBCONSCIOUS MIND FORCES HIM TO TELL THE TRUTH TO ANY QUESTION ASKED. KEEPING THIS DANGEROUS DISCOVERY A SECRET — DR. BRADLEY USES IT ONLY WHEN — HE BECOMES THAT MYSTERY GRIME CRUSHER, DOCTOR NEMESIS !!

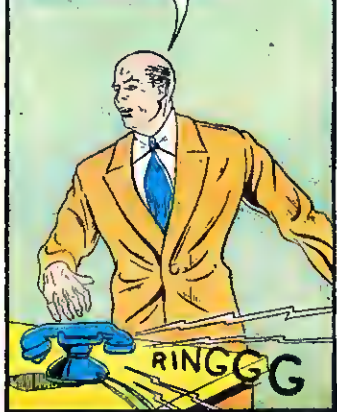
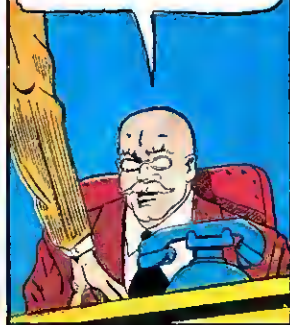
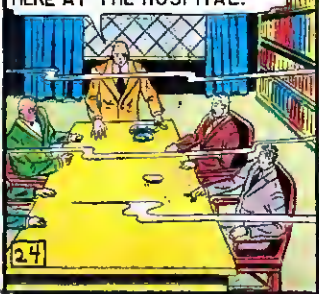
"RED" HOLMDEALE...

THE BOARDS OF DIRECTORS OF MERCY HOSPITAL GATHER AT A SPECIAL MEETING.....

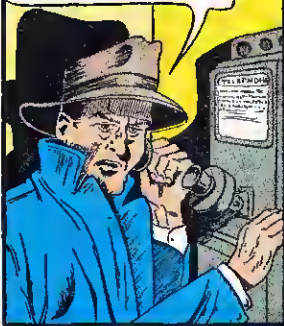
WE ARE MEETING HERE TONIGHT TO DISCUSS WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT THE SERIES OF MYSTERIOUS "ACCIDENTS" THAT HAVE BEEN OCCURRING HERE AT THE HOSPITAL.

FOOD POISONING THE PATIENTS, BEGS GOLAPPING IN THE EMERGENCY WARD, THINGS LIKE THAT WILL RUIN US, IF THEY KEEP ON. NO ONE WILL WANT TO BE PATIENTS HERE.

ONE MOMENT, GENTLEMEN. THE TELEPHONE



LISTEN, MISTER, WHILE YOU GUYS ARE HOLDING THAT MEETING, HERE'S SOMETHING FOR YOU TO THINK ABOUT. THOSE WEREN'T "ACCIDENTS" AT THE HOSPITAL!



ME AND MY PARTNERS WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE ACCIDENTS. UNLESS YOU AGREE TO PAY US \$25,000, THERE'LL BE ONE BIG ACCIDENT THAT'LL QUEER YOUR HOSPITAL FOR ALL TIMES!



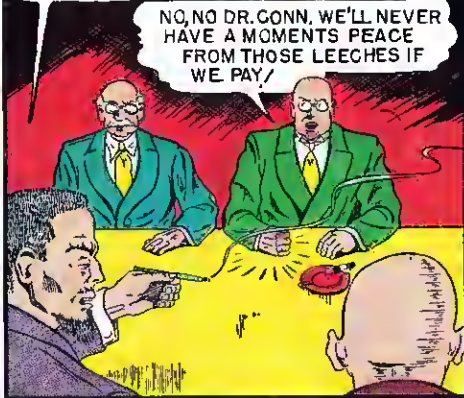
EXCITEDLY, THE BOARD MEMBER REPEATS THE PHONE CONVERSATION TO THE OTHERS.....

W-WHAT SHALL I TELL HIM, GENTLEMEN?



OFF HAND I SHOULD SAY THE SMART THING TO DO IS PAY THEM OFF. IT'LL AT LEAST GIVE US TEMPORARY RESPIRE.

NO, NO DR. CONN, WE'LL NEVER HAVE A MOMENTS PEACE FROM THOSE LEECHES IF WE PAY!



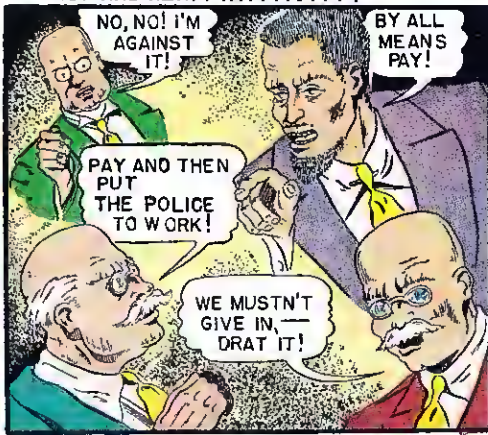
FOR A FEW SECONDS THE ARGUMENT RAGES HOT AND HEAVY.....

NO, NO! I'M AGAINST IT!

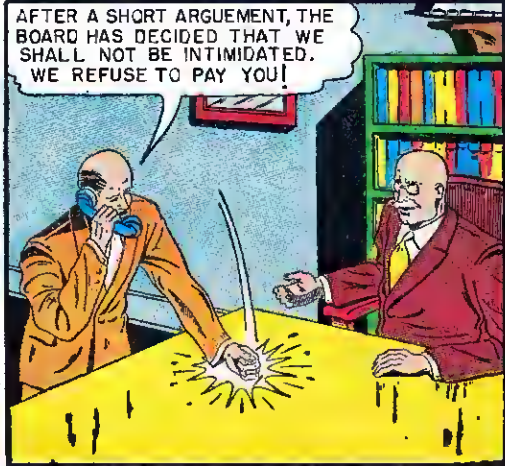
BY ALL MEANS PAY!

PAY AND THEN PUT THE POLICE TO WORK!

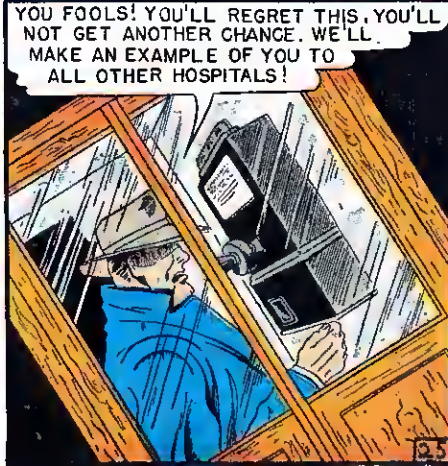
WE MUSTN'T GIVE IN, — DRAT IT!



AFTER A SHORT ARGUMENT, THE BOARD HAS DECIDED THAT WE SHALL NOT BE INTIMIDATED. WE REFUSE TO PAY YOU!

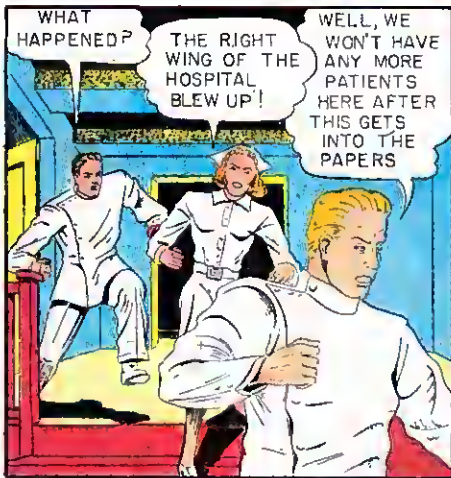
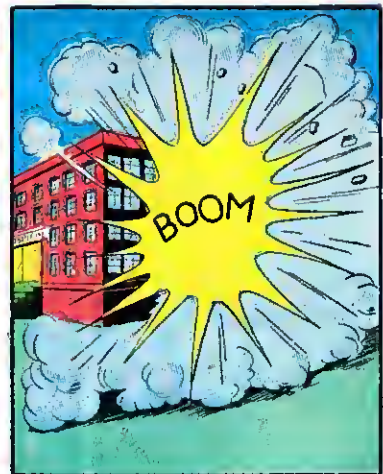


YOU FOOLS! YOU'LL REGRET THIS. YOU'LL NOT GET ANOTHER CHANCE. WE'LL MAKE AN EXAMPLE OF YOU TO ALL OTHER HOSPITALS!



THE NEXT DAY, A BLACK SEDAN CRUISES AROUND THE HOSPITAL GROUNDS.

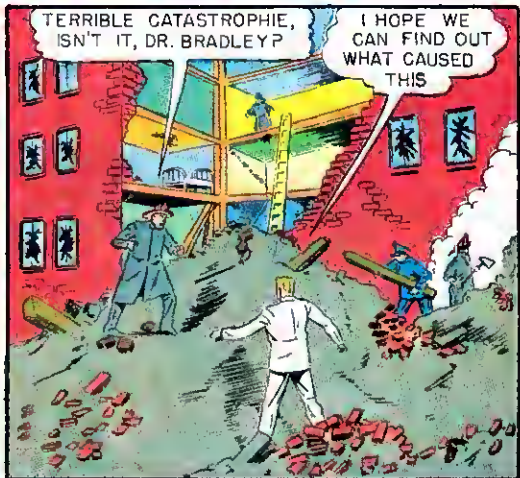
NEXT TIME AROUND, FLING OUT OUR LITTLE GIFT TO THE HOSPITAL



WHAT HAPPENED?

THE RIGHT WING OF THE HOSPITAL BLEW UP!

WELL, WE WON'T HAVE ANY MORE PATIENTS HERE AFTER THIS GETS INTO THE PAPERS



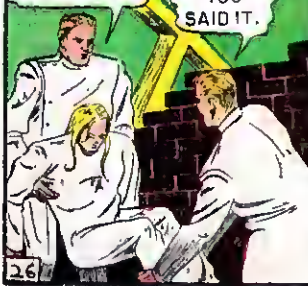
TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE, ISN'T IT, DR. BRADLEY?

I HOPE WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT CAUSED THIS

ALONG WITH HIS FELLOW DOCTORS AND NURSES, JIM BRADLEY DOES HIS SHARE IN THE RESCUE WORK.....

IT'S BAD ENOUGH TO BE IN A HOSPITAL SICK, WITHOUT HAVING TO GO THROUGH SOMETHING LIKE THIS AS WELL.

YOU SAID IT.



AND BELIEVE ME, I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS AND SEE WHAT CONNECTION IT HAS WITH THE OTHER ACCIDENTS

YOU'LL LOOK INTO IT? WHAT CAN YOU DO ABOUT IT, JIM!



OH, ER—THAT WAS JUST WISHFUL THINKING I GUESS.

WHEW! I ALMOST GAVE MYSELF AWAY THAT TIME. IF THEY EVER KNEW THAT I AM DR. NEMESIS—



AFTER THE RESCUE WORK IS COMPLETED.....

THESE FRAGMENTS WE PULLED OUT OF THE DEBRIS ARE PARTS OF A HOME MADE BOMB ALL RIGHT

AND THAT TIES IN WITH WHAT THE HOSPITAL BOARD REPORTED ABOUT EXTORTIONIST

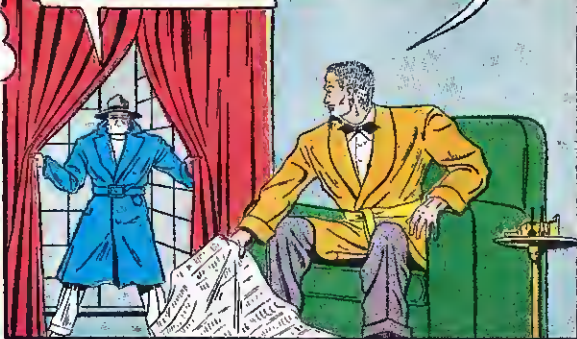
HMMMM!



LATER THAT DAY, AT THE HOME OF DR. CONN ONE OF THE BOARD MEMBERS.....

PARDON THE INTRUSION DR. CONN, BUT I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE TROUBLE AT THE HOSPITAL.

W-WHAT! W-W-WHO ARE YOU?



I'M DR. NEMESIS. I KNOW ALL ABOUT THE TROUBLE THE BOARD HAS BEEN HAVING. I'VE A PLAN TO CAPTURE THE KILLERS RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE OUTRAGES.

YES IV'E HEARD OF YOU. I MUST SAY THIS IS RATHER MELODRAM-ATIC, BUT GO AHEAD. WHAT IS YOUR IDEA?

YOU GIVE A FAKE STORY TO THE NEWS-PAPERS THAT YOU

I SEE. VERY CLEVER. THE VANDALS WILL GET WORRIED, COME TO SILENCE ME AND THEN YOU'LL NAB THEM, EH?



KNOW WHO THE GANG IS, AND—

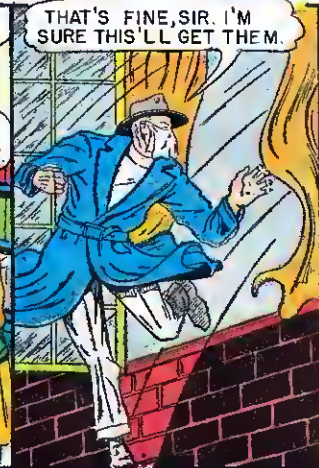
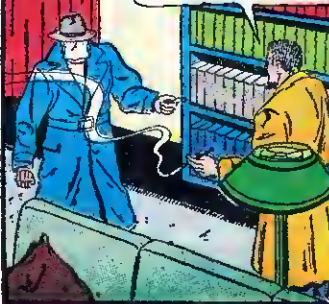


NOT ONLY THAT BUT I HAVE A SECRET MEANS OF FORCING THEM TO CONFESS! WILL YOU DO YOUR PART?

THAT'S FINE, SIR. I'M SURE THIS'LL GET THEM.

DR. NEMESIS, EH? I HAD NOT FIGURED ON HIS INTERFERENCE I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO DO AS HE SAYS TO AVERT SUSPICION.

WHY—WHY CERTAINLY. I GUESS WE'LL GIVE YOUR PLAN A TRY

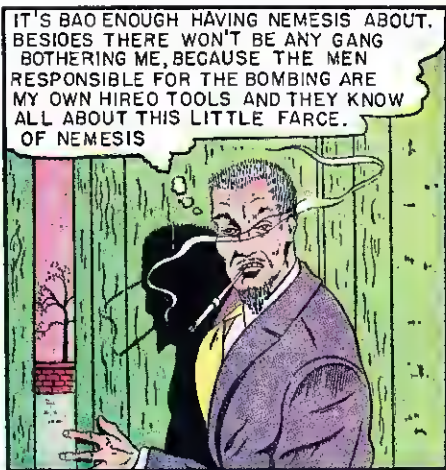


THE NEXT DAY THE FAKE STORY BY DR. CONN APPEARS IN ALL THE PAPERS

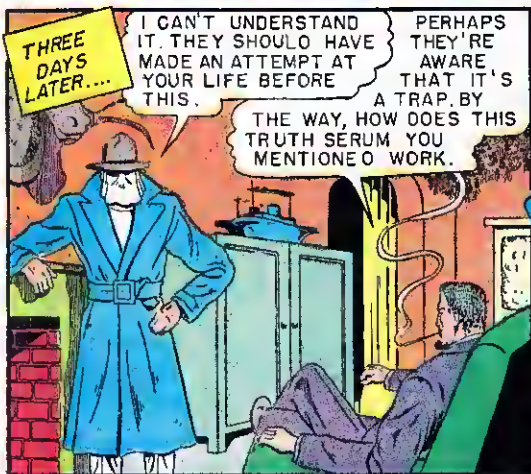


WE'RE CERTAIN THAT GANG WILL TRY TO GET YOU, SIR. YOU'D BETTER LET US STAND AND GUARD YOU.

THANK YOU VERY MUCH BUT I'D RATHER NOT HAVE POLICE PROTECTION.



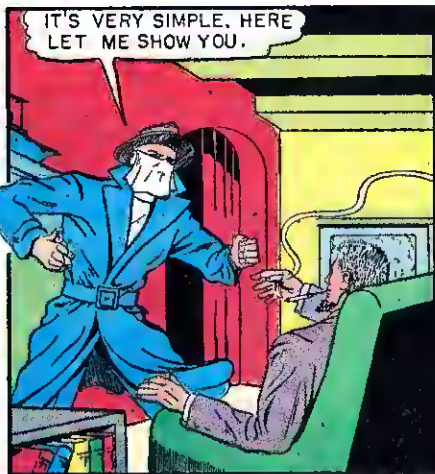
IT'S BAO ENOUGH HAVING NEMESIS ABOUT. BESIDES THERE WON'T BE ANY GANG BOTHERING ME, BECAUSE THE MEN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE BOMBING ARE MY OWN HIROE TOOLS AND THEY KNOW ALL ABOUT THIS LITTLE FARCE. OF NEMESIS



THREE DAYS LATER....

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT. THEY SHOULD HAVE MADE AN ATTEMPT AT YOUR LIFE BEFORE THIS.

PERHAPS THEY'RE AWARE THAT IT'S A TRAP. BY THE WAY, HOW DOES THIS TRUTH SERUM YOU MENTIONED WORK.



IT'S VERY SIMPLE. HERE LET ME SHOW YOU.

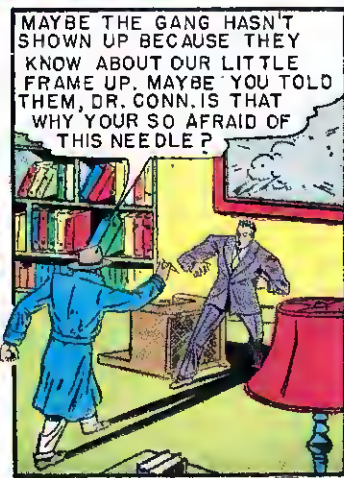


NO, NO! TAKE THAT THING AWAY. YOU CAN'T USE THAT TRUTH SERUM ON ME!

I- WHY I DIDN'T INTEND TO SIR. I WAS JUST GOING TO- SAY!



WHY SHOULD HE BE SO DEATHLY AFRAID OF THE TRUTH SERUM, UNLESS THAT MUST BE IT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE.



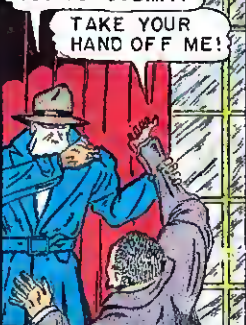
MAYBE THE GANG HASN'T SHOWN UP BECAUSE THEY KNOW ABOUT OUR LITTLE FRAME UP. MAYBE YOU TOLD THEM, DR. CONN. IS THAT WHY YOUR SO AFRAID OF THIS NEEDLE?

DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, I'M A WEALTHY MAN IN HIGH STANDING IN THE PROFESSION. HOW COULD I HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH VANOALISM OF THAT TYPE.



IF YOU'RE NOT GUILTY THEN PERMIT ME TO TEST YOU WITH MY TRUTH SERUM, DOCTOR.

I SHALL NOT BE CONVINCED OF YOUR INNOCENCE UNTIL PROVED BY THE SERUM. I SHALL HAVE TO FORCE YOU TO SUBMIT.



TAKE YOUR HAND OFF ME!

YOU MASKED IDIOT, I'LL TEACH YOU TO INSULT ME, AND I'LL TEAR THAT MASK OFF AND LEARN YOUR TRUE IDENTITY TOO!



NO ONE BUT A GUILTY MAN COULD FLY INTO SUCH A RAGE, CONN. THE TRUTH HURTS, DOESN'T IT?



I—I'LL KILL YOU!

THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO END THE SITUATION.



SINCE THE SERUM WORKS THROUGH THE SUBCONSCIOUS MIND, HIS BEING KNOCKED OUT DOESN'T MATTER.



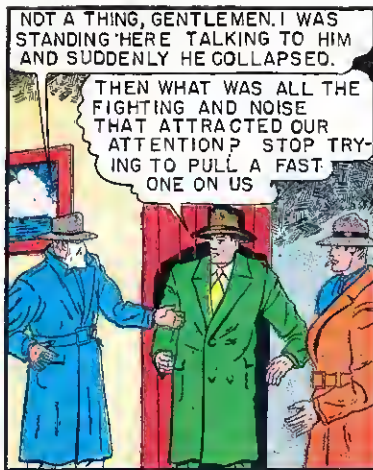
THE WHOLE IDEA OF EXTORTING MONEY FROM THE HOSPITAL WAS MINE. I HIRED A GANG OF THUGS TO DO MY DIRTY WORK. I HAD TO HAVE QUICK CASH TO PAY OFF GAMBLING DEBTS.



WHAT ARE YOU UP TO, PAL? WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO OUR BOSS?

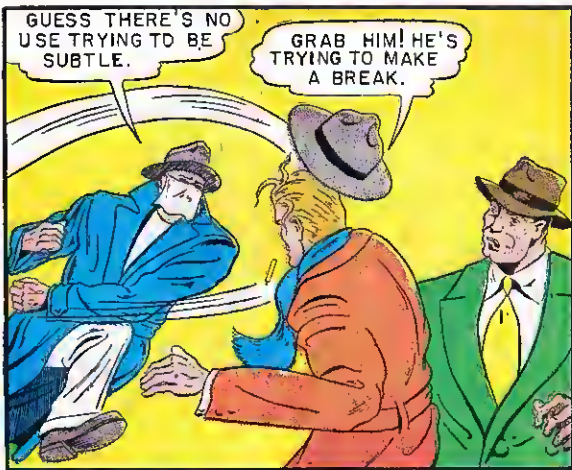


IT'S THAT GUY— OR, NEMES!



NOT A THING, GENTLEMEN. I WAS STANDING HERE TALKING TO HIM AND SUDDENLY HE COLLAPSED.

THEN WHAT WAS ALL THE FIGHTING AND NOISE THAT ATTRACTED OUR ATTENTION? STOP TRYING TO PULL A FAST ONE ON US

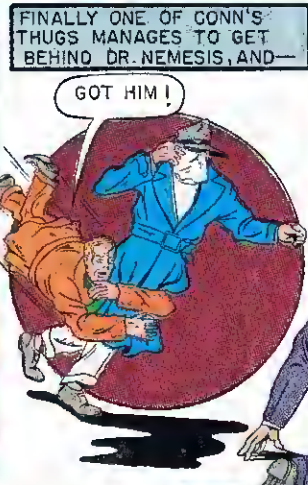


GUESS THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO BE SUBTLE.

GRAB HIM! HE'S TRYING TO MAKE A BREAK.



IF I GET OUT OF THIS SPOT I'LL BE LUCKY.



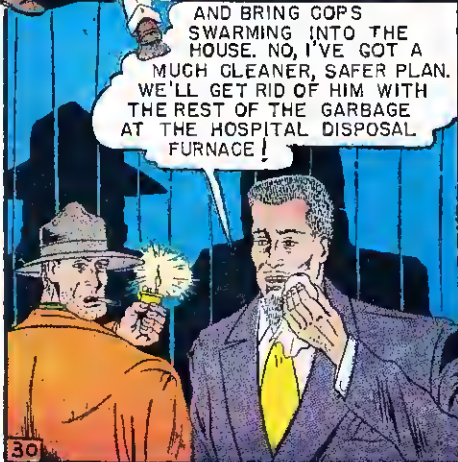
FINALLY ONE OF GONN'S THUGS MANAGES TO GET BEHIND DR. NEMESIS, AND—

GOT HIM!

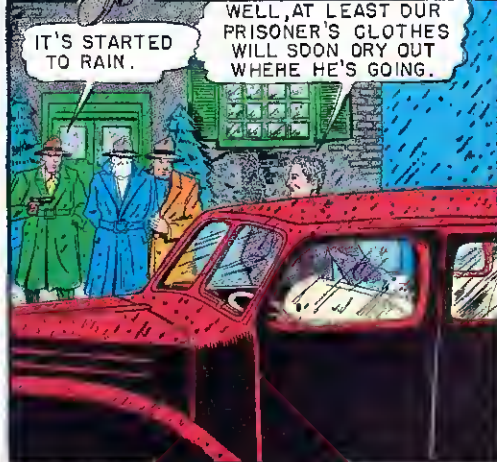


NICE WORK, BOYS. KEEP HIM COVERED. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GET RID OF DR. NEMESIS. HE KNOWS TOO MUCH!

SHALL WE BUMP HIM RIGHT NOW BOSS?



AND BRING COPS SWARMING INTO THE HOUSE. NO, I'VE GOT A MUCH GREENER, SAFER PLAN. WE'LL GET RID OF HIM WITH THE REST OF THE GARBAGE AT THE HOSPITAL DISPOSAL FURNACE!



IT'S STARTED TO RAIN.

WELL, AT LEAST OUR PRISONER'S CLOTHES WILL SOON DRY OUT WHERE HE'S GOING.

YES, MY DEAR DR. NEMESIS
ONCE WE DUMP YOU INTO
THE DISPOSAL PLANT
FURNACE, THERE WON'T BE
A TRACE OF YOU LEFT!

FINE, I ALWAYS WANTED
TO BE CREMATED WHEN
I DIE.

I WISH I REALLY
FELT AS GOOD AS
THAT REMARK
SOUNDED.



AND SO THE CAR SPEEDS
UP THE THE HOSPITAL
GROUNDS, BRINGING
DR. NEMESIS NEARER
AND NEARER TO A
HORRIBLE DEATH.



DON'T YOU WISH YOU'D
NEVER STUCK YOUR NOSE
IN BUSINESS THAT DOESN'T
CONCERN YOU?

MY ONLY WISH RIGHT
NOW, IS THAT YOU
AND YOUR MEN WOULD
LOSE YOUR GUNS, SO
THAT I COULD TAKE
ANOTHER CRACK
AT YOU.



THIS'LL BE PERFECT. THERE IS
NEVER ANYONE AROUND HERE
AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT

LOOK AT THE SIZE OF
THAT FURNACE!



THE GATE TO HEREAFTER IS
OPENED, DR. NEMESIS.
ENTER!



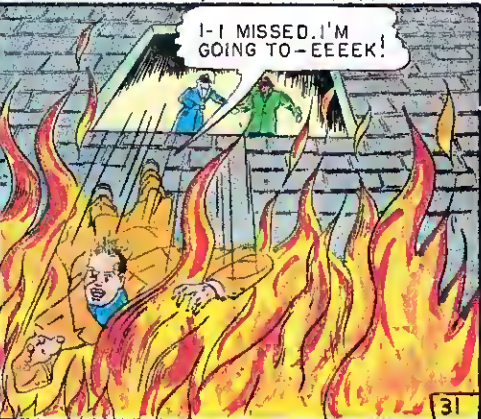
OH YOU WILL, WHAT
HUH. HAVE I
GOT TO LOSE.



YOU'RE NOT ESCAPING THAT
EASY, NEMESIS. YOU'RE GOING
INTO THAT FURNACE
IN A HURRY.

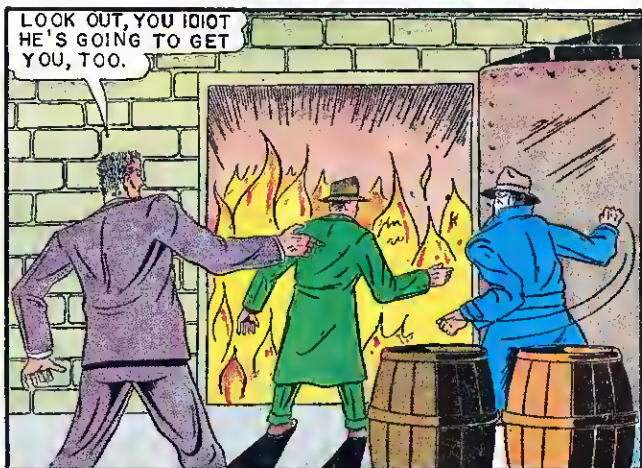


AT THE LAST MINUTE DR. NEMESIS TWISTS
OUT OF THE WAY, THEN.





MIKE FELL INTO THAT FURNACE. HE- HE'S BURNING UP IN THERE. UGH!



LOOK OUT, YOU IDIOT HE'S GOING TO GET YOU, TOO.



HAPPY DREAMS!



I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT. I'D BETTER GET AWAY FROM HERE
OH, NO YOU DON'T



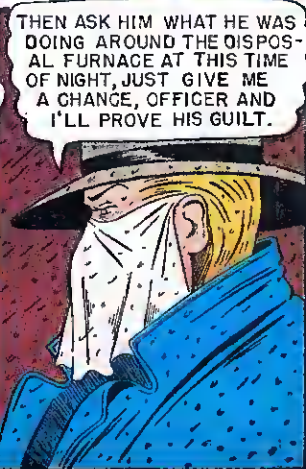
HEY WHAT'S GOING ON IN---OOOOPS!



SORRY, OFFICER, BUT THIS MAN IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE HOSPITAL BOMBING.



B-B-BUT THAT MAN IS DR. CONN, ONE OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS. THERE MUST BE SOME--
OF COURSE THERE IS, OFFICER. THIS MAN IS A MANIAC. MAKE HIM TURN ME LOOSE AT ONCE!



THEN ASK HIM WHAT HE WAS DOING AROUND THE DISPOSAL FURNACE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT, JUST GIVE ME A CHANCE, OFFICER AND I'LL PROVE HIS GUILT.

I QUINNO, DR. CONN IS AN AWFUL BIG SHOT TO BE MIXED UP IN ANYTHING LIKE THAT. AND IF YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT HIM, IT'LL COST ME MY JOB.



LET'S GET INTO THE MAIN BUILDING OUT OF THIS RAIN AND TALK IT OVER, ANYHOW.

NO, NO, I REFUSE. OFFICER, MAKE HIM TURN ME LOOSE.

I CAN'T SEE ANY HARM IN JUST GOING INSIDE DR. CONN



AS THEY ENTER THE BUILDING, DR. NEMESIS SECRETLY PULLS FORTH HIS HYPO FULL OF TRUTH SERUM, AND.....

THIS OUMB SPECIAL COP WOULD NEVER LET ME DO THIS OVER CONN'S PROTESTS, SO I'LL HAVE TO DO IT ON THE SLY.



HEY, WHERE YOU GOING?

IN HERE FOR A MOMENT. I WANT TO USE THE CORRIDOR LOUD SPEAKER SYSTEM FOR A MOMENT.



A FEW MOMENTS LATER, THROUGHTOUT THE HOSPITAL

THIS IS DR. CONN SPEAKING. I WISH TO CONFESS TO THE BOMBING OF THE HOSPITAL WING AND THE OTHER DISASTERS WHICH

DR. CONN! FOR GRACIOUS SAKES!

OPERATING ROOM



YOU HEARD THAT CONFESSION, OFFICER. I'LL LEAVE YOU NOW, TO MAKE THE ARREST.

I WONDER WHAT MADE CONN SUDDENLY DECIDE TO TELL ON HIMSELF LIKE THAT? HE COULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT EASILY.



THE NEXT MORNING

DID YOU HEAR ABOUT CONN?

NO, WHAT HAPPENED?

POOR BRADLEY HE MISSES EVERY THING. DON'T YOU EVER GET IN ON ANY EXCITEMENT JIM?

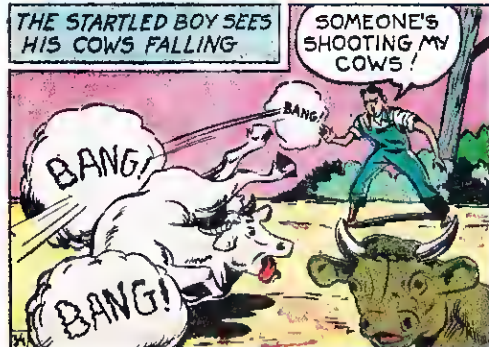
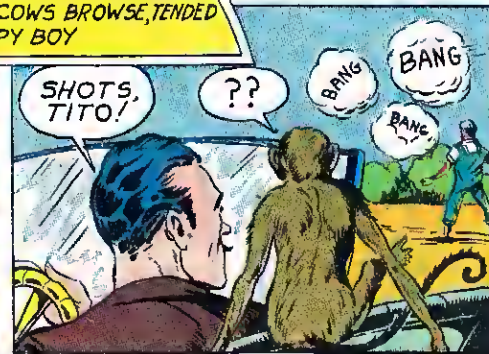


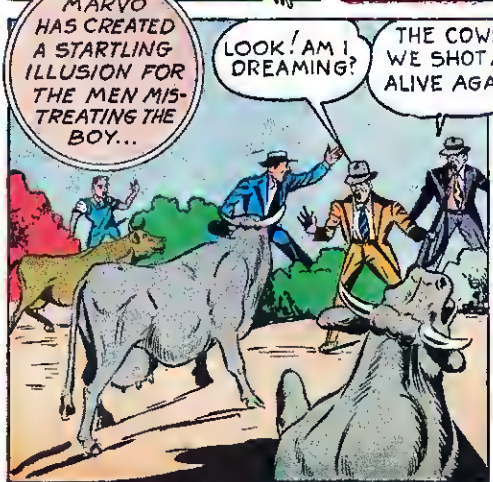
MARVO

The **MAGICIAN** AND **TITO**



MASTER OF ILLUSION AND MAGIC, MARVO, DURING THE COURSE OF HIS TRAVELS WITH HIS PET MONKEY, TITO, IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE, PASSES A PASTURE WHERE COWS BROWSE, TENDED BY A SLEEPY BOY







CHREEE!
CHREEEE!

THAT'S RIGHT, TITO...
STONE THEM. BUT
I WONDER WHAT
THIS IS
ALL ABOUT!



WE'VE HEARD THE
SHOTS... OH, THE
COWS ARE DEAD!

AND HENRY
IS HURT?



MARVO INTRODUCES HIMSELF

I'M MARVO, THE
MAGICIAN. AND
THIS IS TITO.
WHY DID THEY
SHOOT YOUR
COWS?

I'M JONES.
THOSE THUGS
FROM THE CITY
HAVE BEEN
DEMANDING FOR
WEEKS THAT I
SELL MY FARM.
I REFUSED. NOW
THEY'VE BEGUN
TO CARRY OUT
THEIR WORST
THREATS...
TO RUIN ME!



BUT WHY? THEY MUST WANT
THE FARM FOR SOME REASON.
I'D LIKE TO INVESTIGATE...
MAY I STAY WITH
YOU OVERNIGHT,
FARMER JONES?

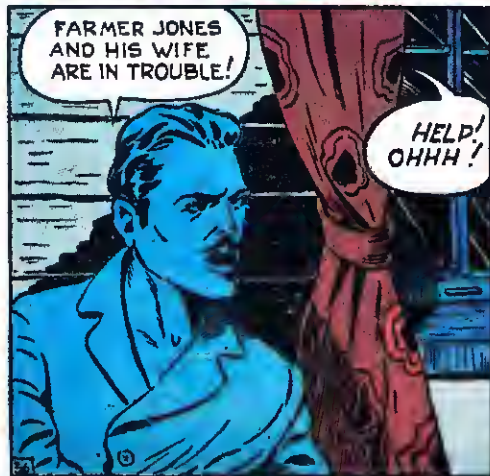
WE'D BE
HAPPY TO
HAVE YOU



**THAT NIGHT, MARVO IS
AWAKENED FROM A SOUND
SLEEP BY TITO**

CHEEE!
CHREEE!

WHAT IS
IT, TITO?



FARMER JONES
AND HIS WIFE
ARE IN TROUBLE!

HELP!
OH HH!



WHOOO!
WHOOO!

HELP!
GHOSTS!

MEANWHILE, MARVO HAS DRESSED AND GONE OUTSIDE

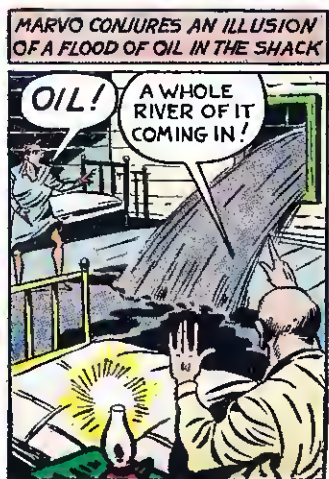
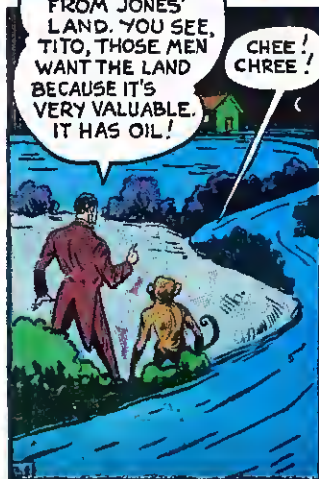


MARVO'S ILLUSION CASTS ITSELF IN THE BEDROOM BEFORE THE THING



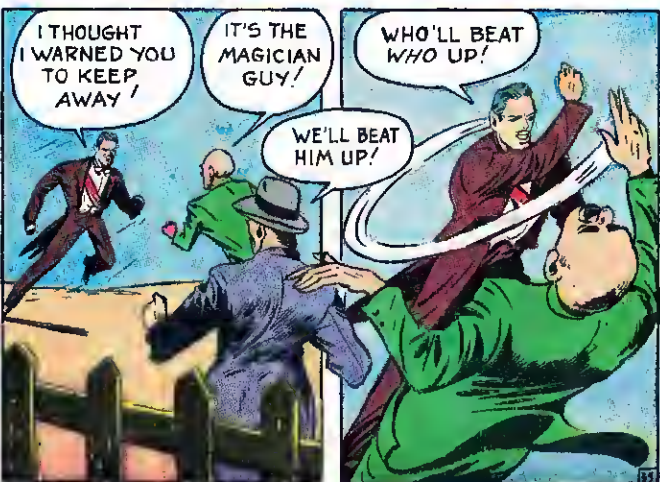
THE TRAIL LEADS TO A SHACK HIDDEN IN THE BRUSH BACK OF FARMER JONES' LAND







SUDDENLY, AFTER THEY HAVE LEFT.

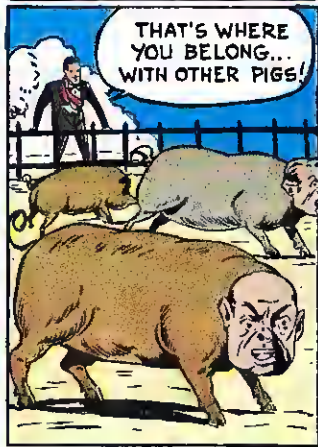




THE STARTLED GUNMAN LOOKS AT HIS HAND AND SEES THE ILLUSION MARVO HAS CAST



THE TWO THUGS, UNDER MARVO'S AMAZING ILLUSION, FIND THEMSELVES CHANGED TO PIGS



I'LL PLUG YOU, WISE GUY!

HOW CAN YOU PULL THE TRIGGER WITH YOUR HOOFED HAND?

MY HAND CHANGED TO A HOOF!

I'M GOING

DON'T LEAVE, BOYS. PIGS CHANGED!

DON'T GET IN MY WAY

THAT'S WHERE YOU BELONG... WITH OTHER PIGS!

I THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THE PIG-STY... THANKS. THAT'S JUST WHAT I NEED, TITO

CHEE, CHREEE!

LET'S GO WITH FARMER JONES NOW TO TEST THE CREEK WATER

AT THE CREEK

THOSE GUNMEN DIDN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW

IT'S OIL ALL RIGHT! I NEVER SUSPECTED IT!



TITO GIVES A WARNING!

CHEE!
CHREEE!
CHREEE!



TITO IS WARNING US ABOUT THE BOULDER

IT'S MOVING!

BEHIND THE BOULDER, THE REST OF THE THUGS PREPARE TO EXTRACT REVENGE FOR THE FAILURE OF THEIR PLANS



WE'LL KILL THEM ALL WITH ONE STONE

HEAVE HO!

AND IT'LL LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT



I'LL STOP THAT IN LANGUAGE THEY UNDERSTAND...
STONEO BOMBEO!

TO THE HUGE AMAZEMENT OF THE FRIGHTENED THUGS, THE BOULDER SEEMS TO CHANGE TO A HUGE BOMB



IT'S A BIG BOMB!

IT'LL BLOW US TO ATOMS!

MARVO AND HIS FRIENDS ARRIVE IN TOWN. LATER, AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE



WHAT BE THIS?

CHEE!
CHREEE!

TITO IS TRYING TO SAY THAT THESE TWO MEN WILL TALK, REVEALING WHO THE REST OF THE GANG IS. THEY ALL DESERVE JAIL SENTENCES FOR THREATS TO FARMER JONES



THANKS TO YOU, MARVO, I CAN SEND MY BOY TO COLLEGE

TAKE A BOW, TITO. IT WAS YOU WHO DISCOVERED THERE WAS OIL

CHEE!
CHREEE!

WATCH FOR MARVO AND TITO IN THE NEXT LIGHTNING COMICS

"CAPPIE" YOUNG

ONE DAY AS THE GREAT MASTED "RENOVIN" SPEEDS ACROSS THE PACIFIC...

THAT BOY WILL BE A GREAT SEAMAN SOMEDAY, EH, MATE?

AYE, THAT HE WILL, CAP'N!!

CAPT. YOUNG, HIS WIFE, AND THEIR SMALL SON PLY THE PACIFIC IN A POWERFUL SEA SCHOONER, CARRYING FREIGHT FROM PORT TO PORT... BEING BROUGHT UP IN THE FINEST TRADITIONS OF THE SEA, YOUNG "CAPPIE" IS VERY HAPPY WITH HIS LIFE ON THE HIGH SEAS!!

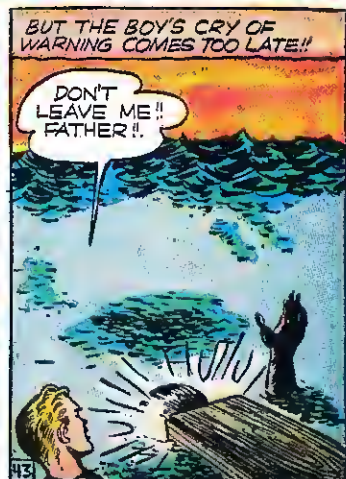
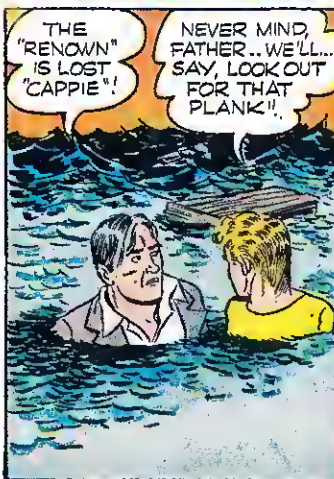
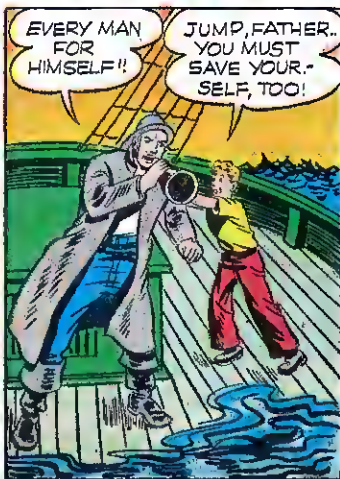
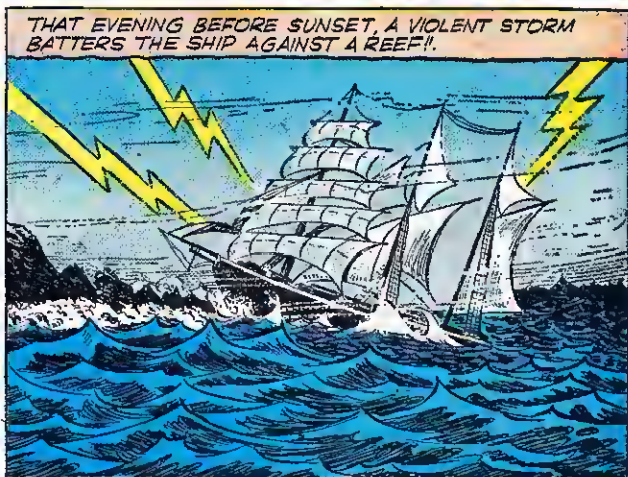
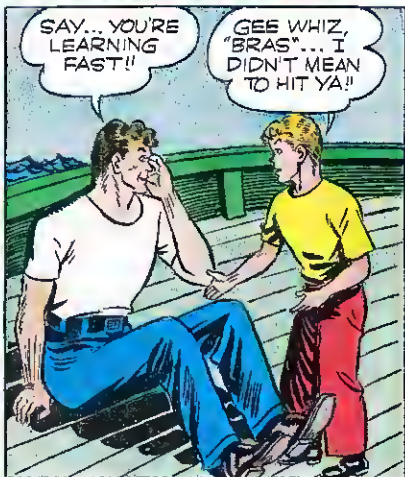
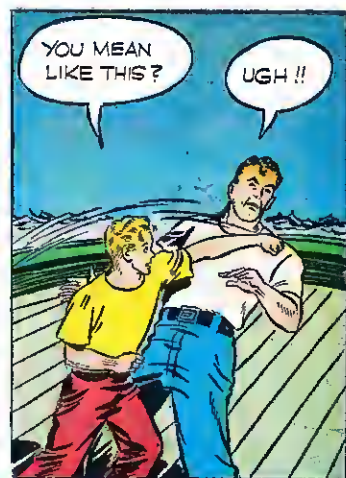
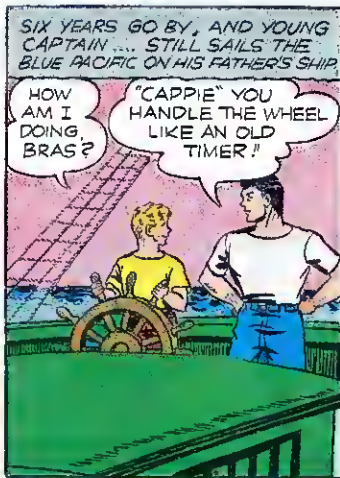
CAPT. YOUNG, YOUR WIFE SHE'S FAILING FAST!! COME QUICKLY!!

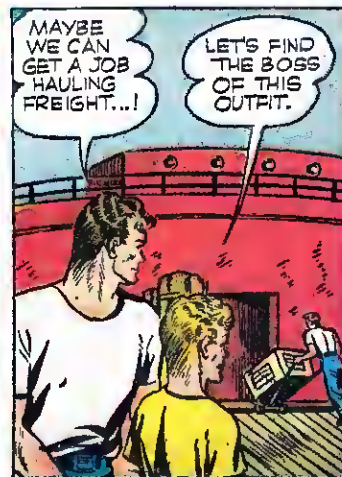
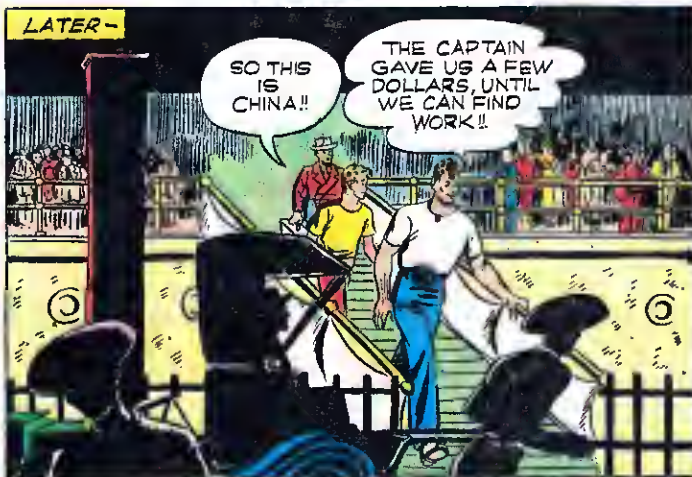
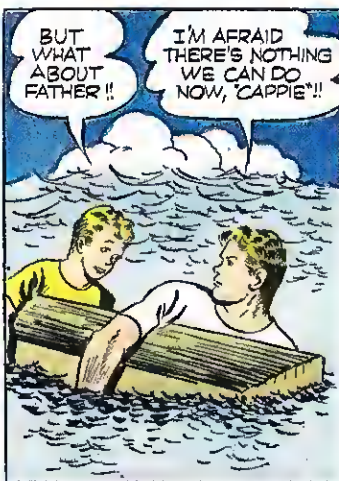
WHAT!! RIGHT WITH YOU, DOCTOR!!

"CAPPIE" I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW... WE'VE HAD GREAT HOPES FOR YOU... THAT'S WHY WE NAMED YOU "CAPTAIN"!! FOLLOW IN YOUR FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS... I...

DEATH CLAIMS THE BOY'S MOTHER.

I WILL TRY TO LIVE UP TO THE HOPES YOU HAD FOR ME, MOTHER!!





AT THAT MOMENT "DUTCH" KOZAK, CAPTAIN OF THE TRADING SHIP EYES COOPER AND YOUNG "CADDIE".

I CAN USE ANOTHER MAN. MAYBE THAT GUY WANTS A JOB

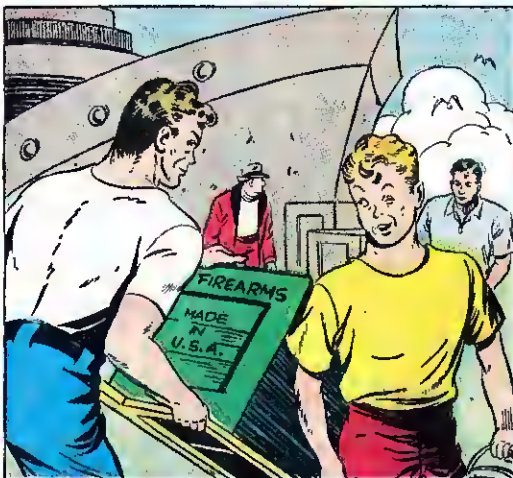


YOU LOOK LIKE YOU NEED WORK. WANNA HAUL FREIGHT FOR ME?

HUH..? AND HOW! BUT WHAT ABOUT MY PAL HERE?



THE KID CAN CARRY WATER TO THE MEN. YOU CARRY THE CRATES INTO THE HOLD OF THE SHIP!



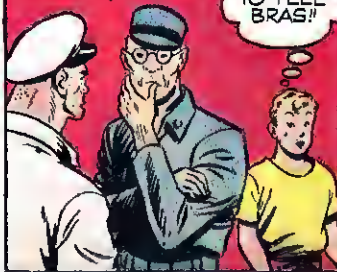
YOU HAVE BEEN PAID!! SEND THESE AMERICAN-MADE ARMS TO THE INVADERS AT PEKING!! THEY WERE INTENDED FOR THE CHINESE ARMY, BUT THEY WILL NEVER SEE THEM, EH?

IF YOUR COMMANDER KNEW OF YOUR TREACHERY, YOU WOULD NOT LIVE LONG, TAI-PING!!



NO ONE WILL KNOW I RESOLD THESE ARMS TO THE INVADER!! AND OUR CUT IS LARGE, SO..

WOW.. THE CAPTAIN IS HAULING AMERICAN SUPPLIES TO THE WRONG ADDRESS!! GO TO TELL BRAS!!



WHAT'S UP, CADDIE?

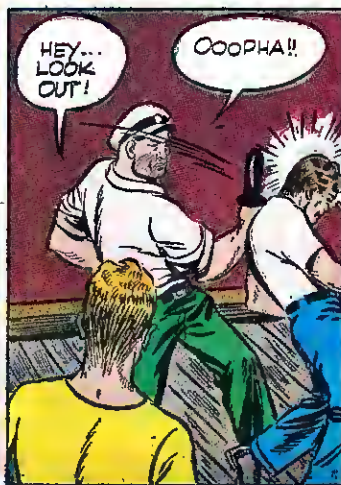
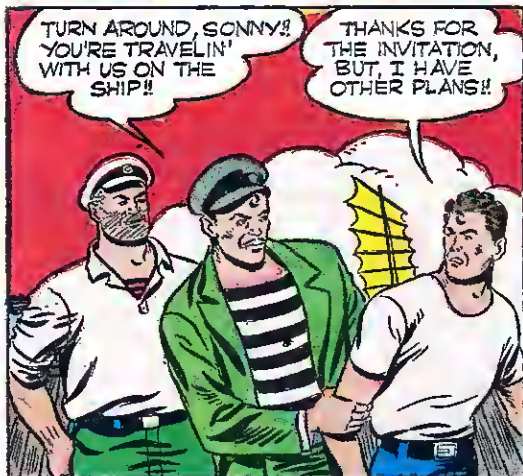
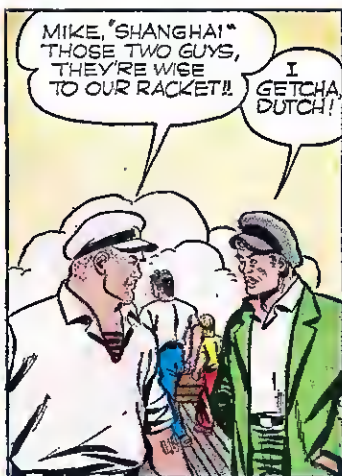
I JUST FOUND OUT THESE AMERICAN-MADE ARMS ARE BEING STOLEN FROM THE CHINESE ARMY, AND BEING SHIPPED TO THE INVADER.

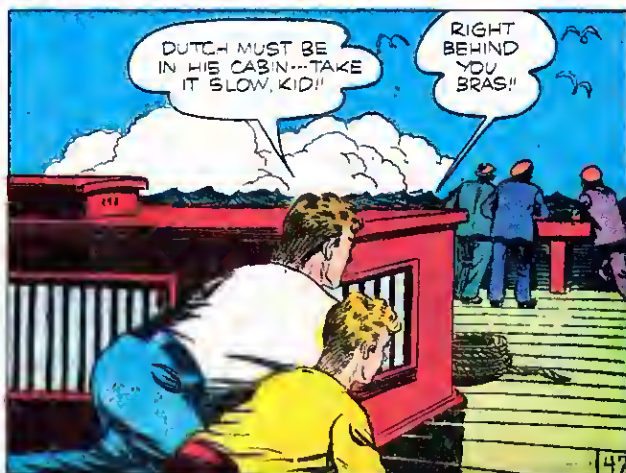
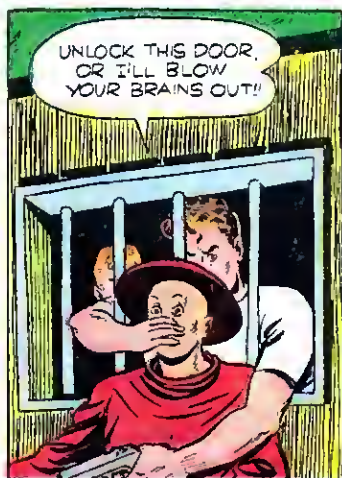
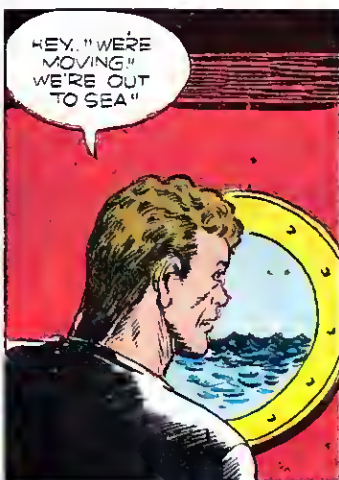
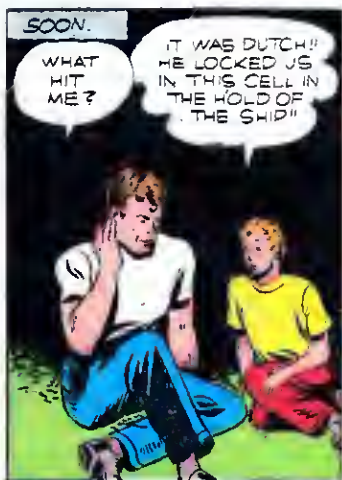


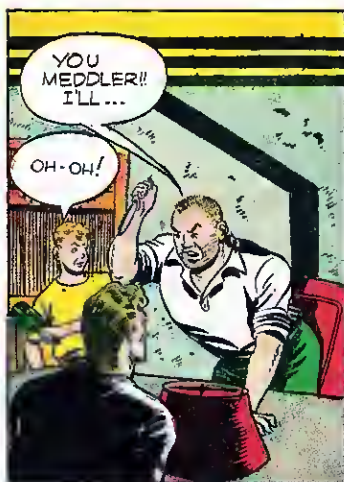
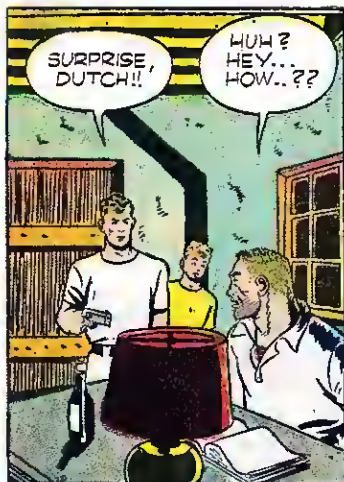
WHAT!! I'LL HAVE NO PART IN THIS DIRTY WORK. I'M WALKING OUT!!

ME TOO!!









THE CORRUPT CHINESE OFFICIAL HAS NOTICED THE RETURN OF THE STEAMER...

DUTCH HAS BROUGHT THE SHIP BACK!! SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG!!

WHY DID YOU... ALL... YOU ARE A PRISONER!!

AH COMPANY!!

THE CHINESE AUTHORITIES WANT BOTH OF YOU, SO YOU MIGHT AS WELL STICK AROUND!!

ACHH...

OH!!

THAT IS IF YOU HAVE NO OBJECTIONS!!

AT THE MOMENT "CAPPIE" ARRIVES WITH THE CHINESE AUTHORITIES...

HERE THEY ARE... BOTH OF THEM!!

JUST IN TIME TO TAKE OVER, GENTLEMEN!!

THE AMERICANS HAVE PROVEN TO BE OUR FRIENDS MANY TIMES. MY GOVERNMENT THANKS YOU FOR SAVING THESE BADLY-NEEDED ARMS!

IT WAS A PLEASURE, EH, CAPPIE?

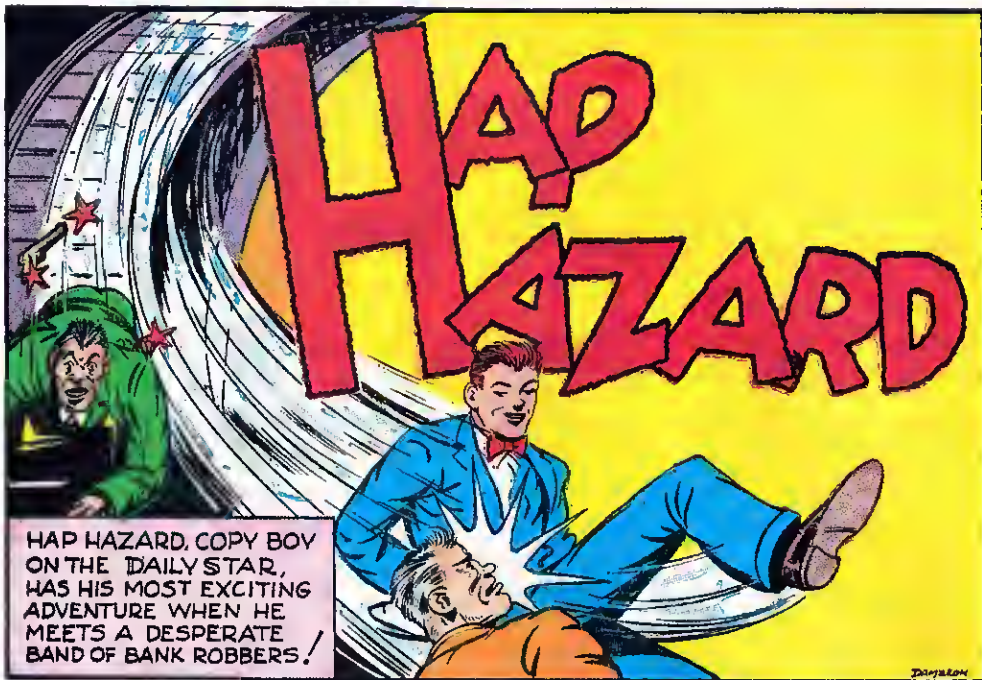
AND HOW!!

OF COURSE, THIS TRAITOR WILL FACE A FIRING SQUAD!! AND DUTCH KOZAK WILL BE INTERNED!!

WELL, WE'RE OUT OF A JOB, BUT THE REWARD MONEY FOR CATCHING THOSE TWO CRIMINALS WILL KEEP US GOING FOR A LONG WHILE!!

NOW FOR SOME MORE EXCITEMENT!!

ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE OF "CAPPIE YOUNG" APPEARS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SENSATIONAL LIGHTNING COMICS!! DON'T MISS IT!!



HAP HAZARD, COPY BOY ON THE DAILY STAR, HAS HIS MOST EXCITING ADVENTURE WHEN HE MEETS A DESPERATE BAND OF BANK ROBBERS!

HAP HAZARD STARTS TO LEAVE THE OFFICE FOR HIS LUNCH HOUR

--- AND DON'T WASTE ANY TIME ON THE WAY! GET BACK TO WORK ON TIME, HAP!

YES, SIR, CHIEF-- I'LL BE BACK IN A JIFFY!



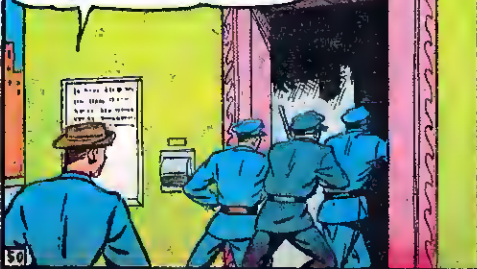
A FEW MOMENTS LATER---

PULL UP IN FRONT OF THE BANK, MIKE!

STATE BANK



OH, OH--- COPS RUNNING INTO THE BANK! SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED!

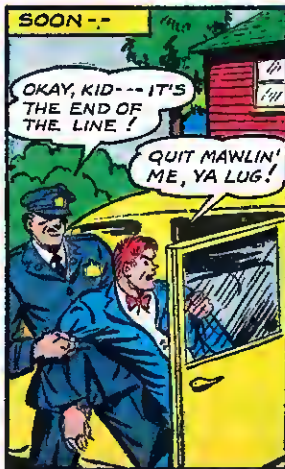
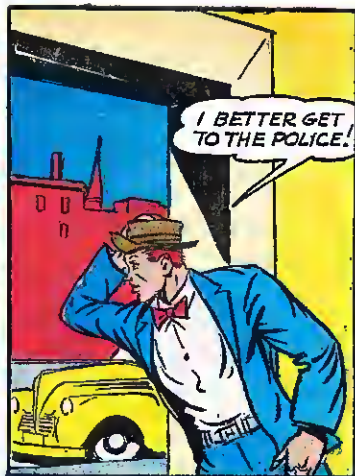
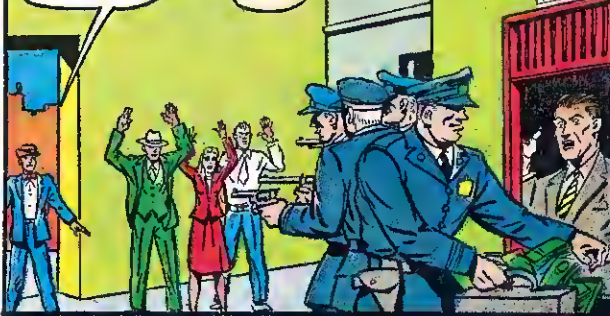


THERE MAY BE A STORY HERE FOR THE DAILY STAR --- AND THAT'S WHERE I COME IN!



AS HAP ENTERS THE BANK HE IS STARTLED TO SEE...

A BANK HOLDUP!
THOSE COPS ARE
PHONIES!





LOCK THAT DOOR, MIKE,
SO THE KID WON'T BOTHER
US. I'M GONNA DIVIDE
THE LOOT!

RIGHT!



I HAVE A HUNCH IT
WON'T BE VERY HEALTHY
FOR ME AROUND HERE
MUCH LONGER!! IF I
COULD ONLY THINK OF
SOMETHING ---



SAY--- MAYBE
THIS WILL DO THE
TRICK!



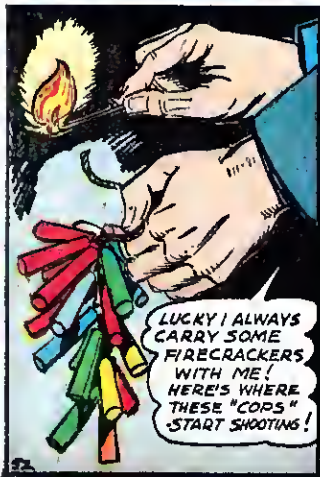
JUST A LITTLE JOB OF
GETTING THESE DUMMIES
INTO THE UNIFORMS --



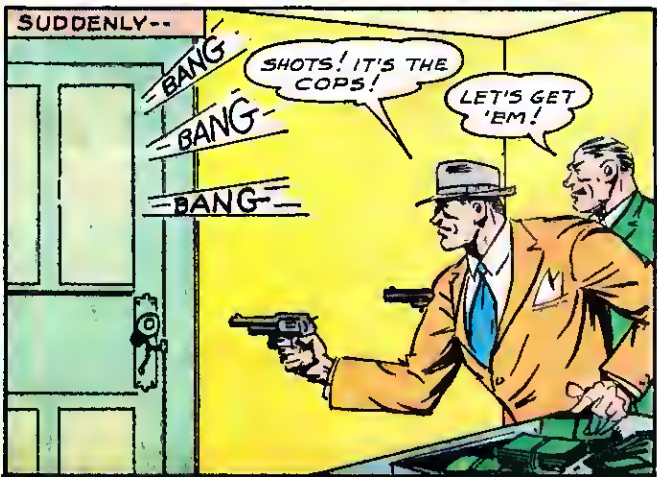
-- AND SETTING THEM UP
IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF
THE ROOM!



I CAN GET TO THE
GROUND BY CLIMB-
ING DOWN THAT TREE!
GOOD!



LUCKY I ALWAYS
CARRY SOME
FIRECRACKERS
WITH ME!
HERE'S WHERE
THESE "COPS"
START SHOOTING!

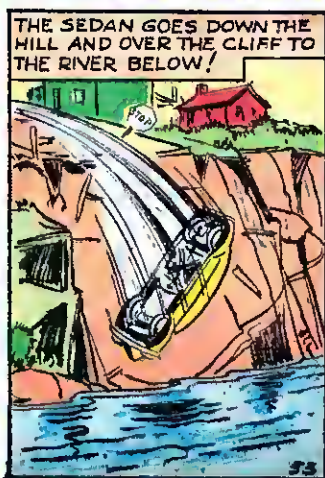
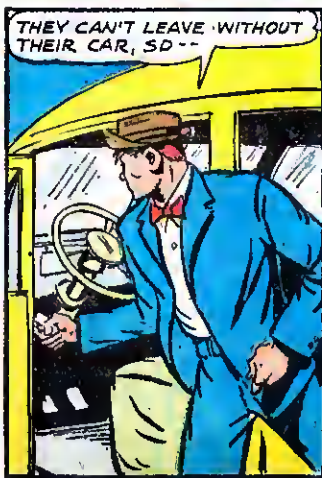
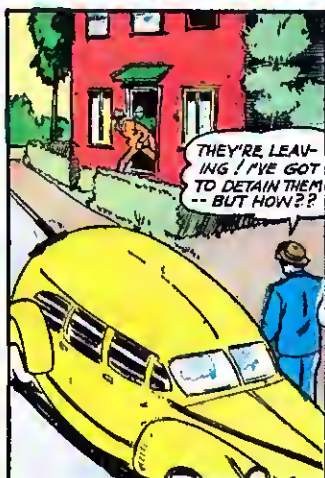
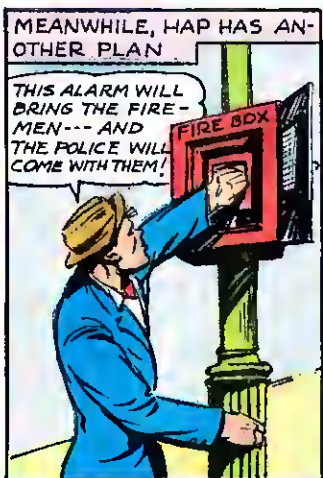
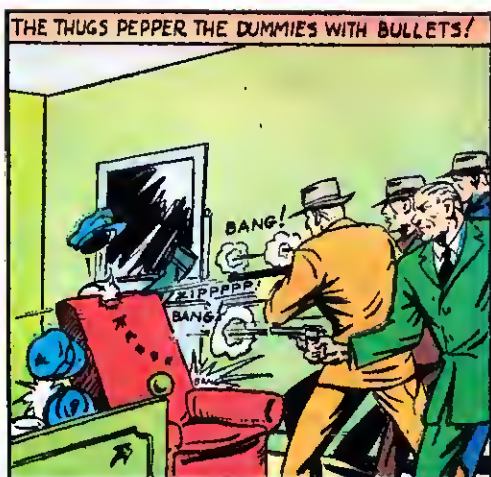


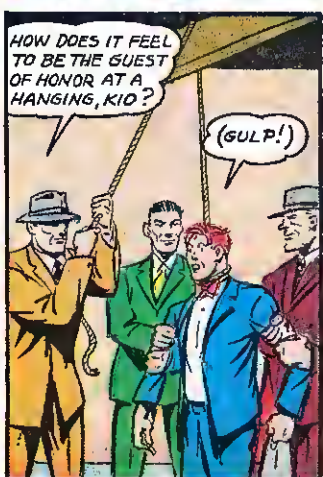
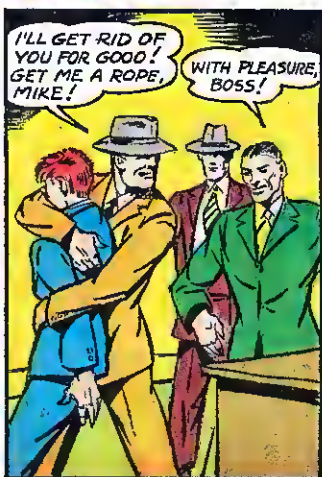
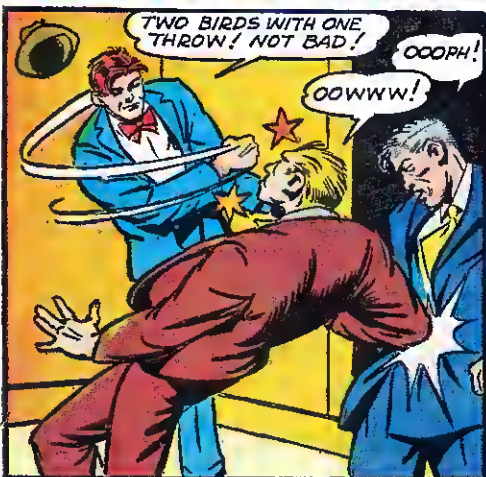
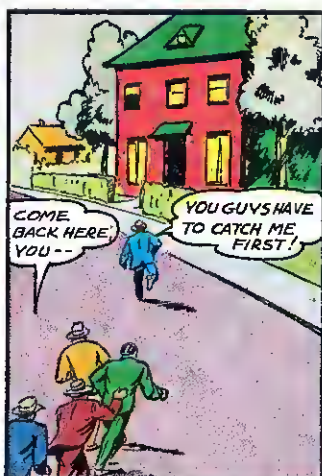
SUDDENLY--

BANG
BANG
BANG

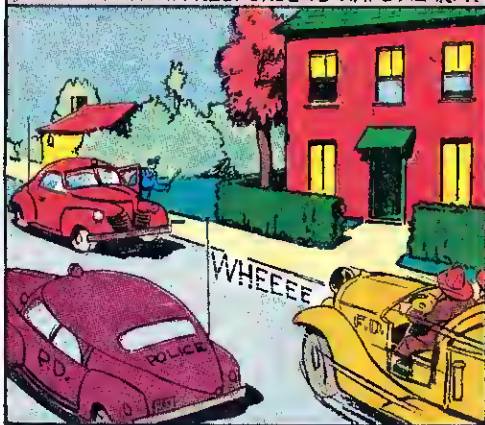
SHOTS! IT'S THE
COPS!

LET'S GET
'EM!

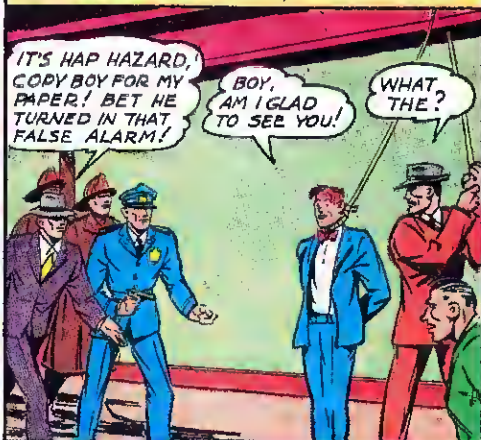




BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE FIRE-ENGINES AND POLICE ARRIVE IN RESPONSE TO HAP'S ALARM!



THEY RUSH INTO THE HOUSE, JUST IN TIME TO SEE



IT'S HAP HAZARD, COPY BOY FOR MY PAPER! BET HE TURNED IN THAT FALSE ALARM!

BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

WHAT THE?



SO YOU CAUGHT THE BANK ROBBERS THE SINGLE-HANDED, EH, HAP? NICE GOING!

YEAH, AND THE MONEY'S ALL IN THE SATCHEL! HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, BLEEKER!



HAP MAKES A LARIAT FROM THE NOOSE AND--

BLEEKER MADE THE NOOSE-- FOR HIMSELF! HERE GOES!



WE WOULDN'T THINK OF HAVING YOU LEAVE SO SOON, PAL!

OOOPH!

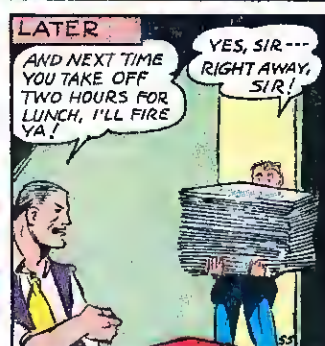


I'LL CALL IN THIS STORY RIGHT AWAY TO THE BOSS!

WOW! THE BOSS WILL BE SORE WHEN I GET BACK TO THE OFFICE! I'VE BEEN GONE FOR TWO HOURS!



GEE WHIZ!



LATER

AND NEXT TIME YOU TAKE OFF TWO HOURS FOR LUNCH, I'LL FIRE YA!

YES, SIR--- RIGHT AWAY, SIR!

ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE LIFE OF **HAP HAZARD** APPEARS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **LIGHTNING COMICS** DON'T MISS IT!!

Satan's

by Cliff

WHAT a damn fool a man is to marry an old woman hoping she would die! Arthur Bondy dipped a brush into the can and scooped varnish into the hairline crack where new wood joined old on the staircase.

He had known for weeks that he was going to kill Angela, ever since he realized he would have to have something more substantial than promises to put in Lota's greedy pink palms. But the method bothered him. It had to be foolproof. He couldn't afford to be suspected. He blew up too easily, lost his head under strain.

He knew he wasn't clever, only incredibly good-looking in a way that made women want to mother him and trust him with all they had, even against their better judgment. So he had waited.

Then he had read about the staircase. It was an article in the back of an old magazine he picked up while waiting for Angela in the foyer of a beauty shop. The very simplicity of the thing intrigued him. Yet it had taken a couple of centuries to discover it held the secret of a family's extinction. Those old architects had ideas.

He tore out the page and at home, read it again and put it back in his pocket. One death was all he wanted. The death of a tight-fisted old woman with dyed hair and heart murmurs, who watched him eternally with hungry, possessive eyes and ran down stairs like a girl whenever she thought he was looking.

He had a knowledge of tools. There was a staircase made to order. He had only to persuade Angela to come to Connecticut, to the old stone house where they had spent their honeymoon.

That had been easy. And old Joro Ainslee, the cousin who handled her investments, was there to hear her suggest going as if it was entirely her own idea. It amused him to think how he had managed that. He could make Angela do anything except give him an allowance, but the elderly woman refused.

"Of course you didn't marry me for my money," she had said. "I believe that because I want to. It's all yours when I die. But while I'm alive, you won't have a cent to spend on a younger woman. You'll stay faithful, Arthur Bondy. You'll have to."

It was flashes of hardness like that, that made him afraid of Angela. In spite of her foolish devotion, she was perfectly capable of throwing him out if she heard about Lota.

He drew the last brushful of varnish along the edge of the step, laid down the cotton gloves he was wearing to protect his hands, and picked up the rolled back stair carpet.

There was a swift scramble behind him. Something small and brown dashed between his legs, snatched a glove and whirled back downstairs. It vanished through the door of the living room where Angela was sitting, with an insolent backward glance and a flirt of a feather of tail.

He heard Angela's thin, high laugh as she took the glove from the dog.

Damn the Peke. It had a malignancy almost human. Everything personal he laid down it snatched and carried to its mistress as if to remind him nothing was his own; his ties, his hand-tailored shirts, his fine linen handkerchiefs. Even the cigarette case Angela had given him with his initials in diamonds on the cover bore the marks of sharp little teeth.

Angela came out to the hall, swinging the glove fit her hand, the dog scampering about her fantastically high heels.

"Haven't you finished yet?" she asked fretfully. "You should have let me get a carpenter. And this dreadful smell of varnish. It's all over the house."

"The step was split through," he told her, "I had to put in a new one."

"I can't imagine how it happened." The fretful note deepened. "It was all right last night. It must have been Mrs. Adams. She's getting frightfully heavy with nothing to do but care for an empty house. We must come down oftener, Arthur."

HE LAID the carpet back over the four top steps and picked up the hammer. If Angela's myopic eyes were as good as she claimed they were, she would have seen chisel marks along the edge of that crack this morning. He finished tacking the carpet and straightened up.

Angela stood in the little patch of sunshine filtering through the fanlight over the door, looking up at him. She ought to know better, he thought, than to stand in that light. It was pitiless on her dry skin, and made her lips that were always slightly blue, look purple under their rouge.

He leaned toward her from the top of the stairs. His black eyes burned down at her oddly. His weak mouth smiled a little.

"Now," he said softly, "they are all ready for you to run down."

She smiled back uncertainly. "I still think you should have let me get a carpenter. You must be tired, and I wanted you at your best when Joro came."

He stared. "Joro?"

"Joro Ainslee, dearest. I phoned him this morning to come down for some very special business. If it hadn't been important I wouldn't have asked him when we wanted this week alone together. But it has been a beautiful week, hasn't it?"

She tilted her head and looked up at him shyly. "Almost like that first one two years ago."

The wistfulness in her voice irritated him. An old woman whom love had passed by but who still wanted to play at it. What if he had pretended to play with her at first? He couldn't keep it up forever. It made him sick. Any man who married a woman of fifty for her money earned whatever he got.

She hesitated in the hall, as if she thought he might say something. And when he didn't pick up the Peke and, burying her raddled face in its fur, went back to the living room.

Bondy stared critically down the stairs. Unnoticeable from this angle, even if you were looking for it. The fourth step from the top was just like all the rest. It had been so easy and he had been careful. The step he had ordered made in a town forty miles away and waited while it was cut and smoothed so he would not have to leave a name. The rest was a matter of woodworking skill. He had got that in the lean years before he met Angela.

Those other stairs had been circular. But these—long, straight and narrow after the fashion in old New England houses—were even better for his purpose.

At the bottom against the wall was a heavy ebony pedestal with a marble Psyche on the top. When they were here before, he had spoken to Angela about it.

"Bad thing to have at the foot of the stairs," he had said. "Especially the way you run down. What if you should trip, or have one of your dizzy spells?"

Angela had laughed, and Mrs. Adams had said: "It's always been there, Mr. Bondy. I recollect her ma saying her grandfather'd brought it from Italy. He set it there himself. It's never been moved."

It pleased him now to remember that the house-keeper had heard his warning about the pedestal. It might come in handy. It might be handy too.

Staircase

Howe

now he thought of it, to have Joro here when it happened. He was devoted to Angela. A queer man, crabbed, suspicious and nosy. But his word would go a long way toward proving it had been an accident.

He walked slowly down the stairs. You could walk down a hundred times without noticing anything. He came up again. Perfectly safe, unless—

He heard Joro's car on the drive, and stooped and gathered up his tools and brush and the empty varnish can.

He hurried along the hall, through the kitchen to the tool shed, hearing Angela's high heels clicking as she ran to let the old man in.

She would take him upstairs to rest from his drive; then she would come running down, her fingertips just touching the rail, humming softly under her breath, and looking from the corners of her eyes to see if her young husband was noticing how girlish she was.

It might be well for him to be out of the house then. If only Joro didn't rush down after her. The thought made him uneasy, but something had to be left to chance.

He stayed as long as he dared, his ears strained for a sound. The palms of his hands were wet when he came back into the house.

ANGELA was in a deep chair in the living room and she called when she heard his step. Fool, he thought. Of course she wouldn't pull her little girl stuff unless she knew he was there.

She had changed her dress. Her lacquered, gold hair was elaborately waved and tied back with a pink ribbon to match her frock. Her eyes under their mascaraed lashes sparkled at him with something tender and excited in their faded blue depths, and her dry cheeks were flushed with a color partly her own.

She reached out and touched him shyly. "Hurry and dress, dearest. I want you here when Joro comes down. I've had Adams put a fire in your room so you won't be cold after your bath."

Her thin fingers ran along his sleeve and tightened over his hand. "Arthur." The color in her cheeks deepened. For a moment she looked almost young.

"Arthur, tell me something—truthfully. Do you really love me, even a little?"

"Of course," he answered gruffly.

His hands were wet again. His heart felt funny. Almost he was sorry for her. Almost he wished there was some other way. But there wasn't. It was all her own fault for being so tightfisted with him. But he could afford to be kind to her.

"Of course I love you," he said, and bent and kissed her cheek.

An open fire blazed in his room when he came out of his bath. The little dog was asleep on the hearth rug, his nose between his paws. The fire felt pleasant, though the day was warm.

When it was over, he would have this chill old house torn down. It would be safer too. A second accident might not look so well.

He heard Joro's step along the corridor, and stopped and listened for it on the stairs. Then he heard him speak to Angela. Perfectly safe.

He felt strangely tight and excited. He always felt jittery under strain. He must be careful.

Angela had laid his things out on the bed and he tossed his robe onto a chair and dressed nervously.

As he put on his coat, something crackled in the breast pocket. He drew it out. It was the torn page about the staircase. He had no more need for that. He crumpled it into a ball and threw it into the fireplace.

It struck against the front of an andiron, bounced back to the rug and stopped in front of the little dog's nose. His pink mouth opened leisurely and closed over it, and he drew himself half up and blinked at Bondy as if undecided whether to pick it up.

Bondy's heart jerked and stopped and beat in his throat. He felt a prickling at the base of his skull. He could see the little devil flying off with it to Angela, and old Joro stooping to take it from him. Smoothing it out through sheer nosiness. Pouring over it, remembering when it happened. Damn, why hadn't he used his head?

The door was partly ajar. He crept toward it and pushed it shut. The Peke cocked its head and looked interested and got to its feet. Then Bondy leaped. The dog twisted under his fingers and stopped in the bathroom door, glancing back maliciously.

BONDY almost had him when a rug slid beneath his scurrying paws, but he was through the connecting door into Angela's room and into the corridor.

At the head of the stairs he stopped again, the paper tight in his jaws.

Caution gone under the sweep of his panic, the man hurtled after him. It wasn't until the dog stumbled that he remembered. He clutched frantically at the rail, but the rail was slippery. He screamed once, a hoarse, tearing scream as he pitched forward.

There were glittering spots on the foot of the pedestal. Red spots on the white wall beside it and a widening pool of red on the floor.

Old Joro pushed the screaming Angela back into her chair. "You mustn't go," he said sharply. "Not yet."

He stooped over the still figure and rose swiftly, his face white. Bondy had been running along the corridor. He must have tripped. Poor devil.

The old man went back to the living room. Mrs. Adams had come in and was trying to comfort Angela. In front of his mistress the little dog wagged his tail, offering her a crumpled ball of paper that he held in his jaws.

Joro stooped and took the paper. Automatically, he opened it up. In the center of the page, a cut of a staircase caught his eye. Then a paragraph leaped out before his eyes.

His face whiter still, he went back to the hall, stepped over the heap at the foot of the stairs and started upward. He knew what he would find. There had been the faint smell of new wood and varnish when he came.

With the edge of his notebook he measured the distance between the fifth and fourth steps from the top. Between the fourth and third. The fourth had been lowered nearly an inch from the third. Enough to throw a running person completely off balance. And there was the pedestal.

He turned slowly downstairs. In the living room the housekeeper murmured soothingly. Angela's voice answered, high, thin and hysterical.

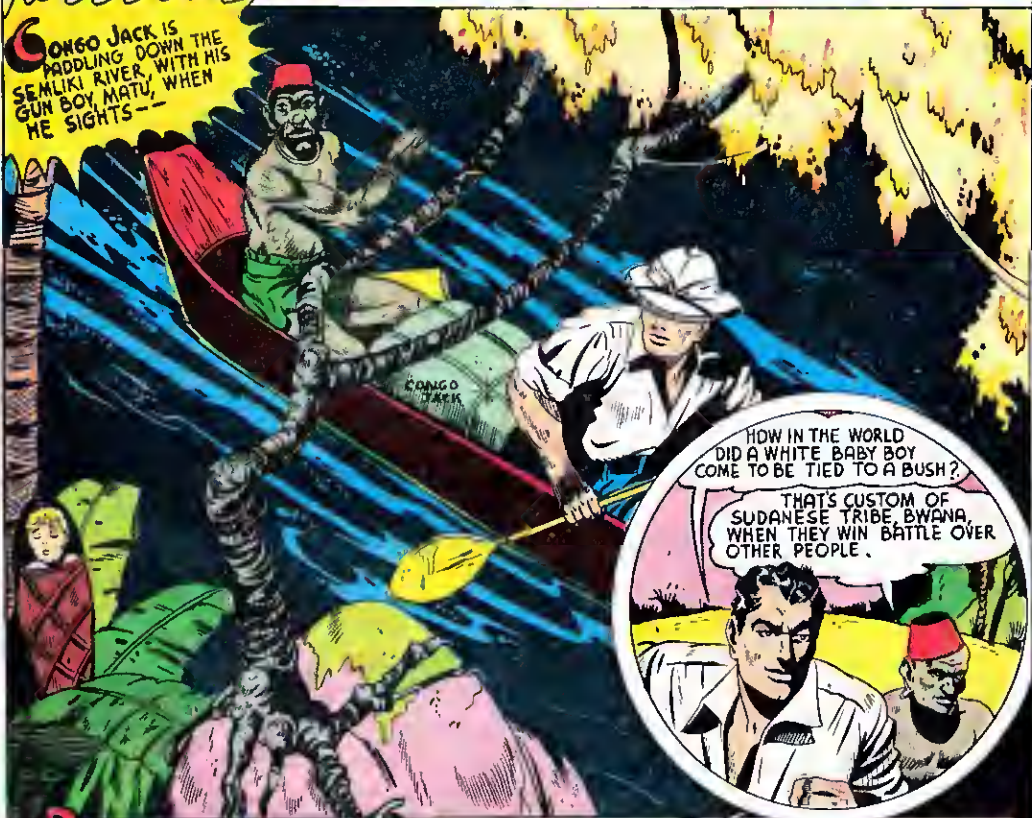
"I was never sure of him, Adams. Never until this week. I had Joro come down today to settle half the money on him just to show him I trusted him at last. When he wanted to come down here where we spent our honeymoon, we two alone, I knew I need never worry about his loving me."

Grimly, old Joro tore the paper into little pieces. He picked up the telephone and dialed a number.

"There has been an accident," he said. "Yes, Mr. Bondy. He was playing with the dog and fell on the stairs."

CONGO JACK

CONGO JACK IS PADDLING DOWN THE SEMLIKI RIVER, WITH HIS GUN BOY, MATU, WHEN HE SIGHTS--



HOW IN THE WORLD DID A WHITE BABY BOY COME TO BE TIED TO A BUSH?

THAT'S CUSTOM OF SUDANESE TRIBE, BWANA, WHEN THEY WIN BATTLE OVER OTHER PEOPLE.



REMOVING THE BABY MATU SEES
LOOK, BWANA! BABY HAVE JU-JU ON NECK!
JU-JU NOTHING. THAT'S JUST A CHAIN. MAYBE-- MATU!



CAREFULLY EXAMINING THE EMBLEM CONGO JACK
DISCOVERS --

MATU!--THAT CHAIN MATCHES MINE! IT MUST BELONG TO MY CLASS MATE, DAN WILDE, WHO LEFT ON SAFARI INTO THE INTERIOR, TO CAPTURE THE WHITE RHINO, WITH HIS PHOTOGRAPHER WIFE, MARY. AND THIS MUST BE HIS SON!



CONGO JACK SENDS MATU AND THE BABY TO BADIKI RIVER WHILE HE --

I'M HEADING INTO THE INTERIOR TO PICK UP THE TRAIL OF THE BABY'S PARENTS.

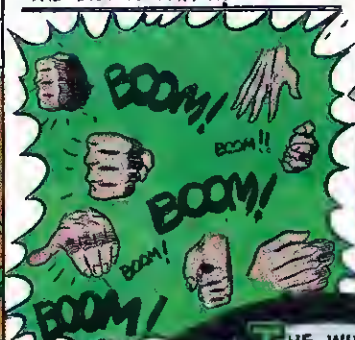


AS CONGO JACK MAKES HIS WAY DEEPER INTO THE JUNGLE ON THE TRAIL OF THE SUDANESE WHO HAD CAPTURED HIS FRIEND--

LIVING IN THE JUNGLE AS LONG AS I HAVE HAS GIVEN ME A SIXTH SENSE, LIKE AN ANIMAL'S. IT'S TELLING ME NOW THAT I'M BEING FOLLOWED. BUT I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING!



CONGO JACK'S SIXTH SENSE WAS RIGHT. ALREADY SUDANESE HAVE SPOTTED HIM AND HAVE CONVEYED HIS WHEREABOUTS TO OTHERS BY TAPPING OUT SIGNALS ON THE SILENT EARTH!



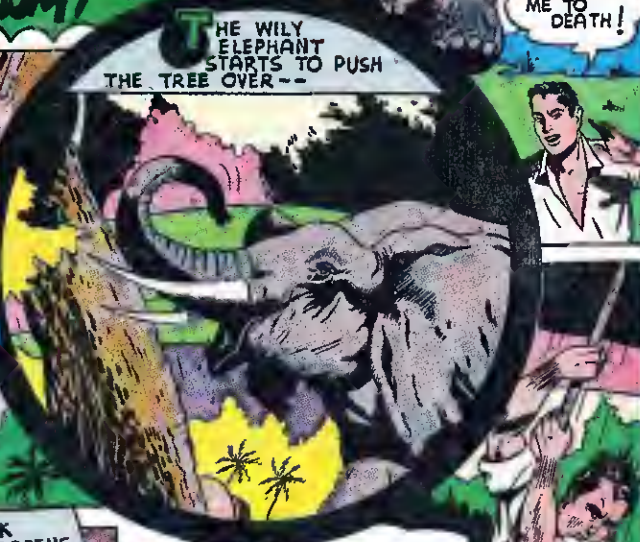
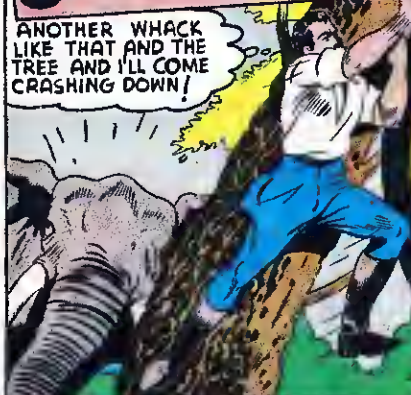
WHEN CONGO JACK REACHES A CERTAIN PLACE ON THE TRAIL THEY LOOSE A HUGE WILD BULL ELEPHANT AT HIM!



IF THAT MALE ROGUE GETS ME I'LL TRAMPLE ME TO DEATH!

CONGO JUST MANAGES TO CLIMB OUT OF REACH BUT--

ANOTHER WHACK LIKE THAT AND THE TREE AND I'LL COME CRASHING DOWN!



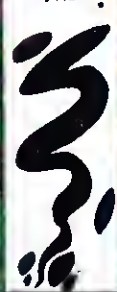
THE WILY ELEPHANT STARTS TO PUSH THE TREE OVER--

SENSING HIS PERIL CONGO JACK HACKS A BRANCH OFF AND SHARPENS IT INTO A SPEAR.

I'VE GOT JUST ONE CHANCE WHEN THIS TREE IS PUSHED OVER BY THAT ELEPHANT!

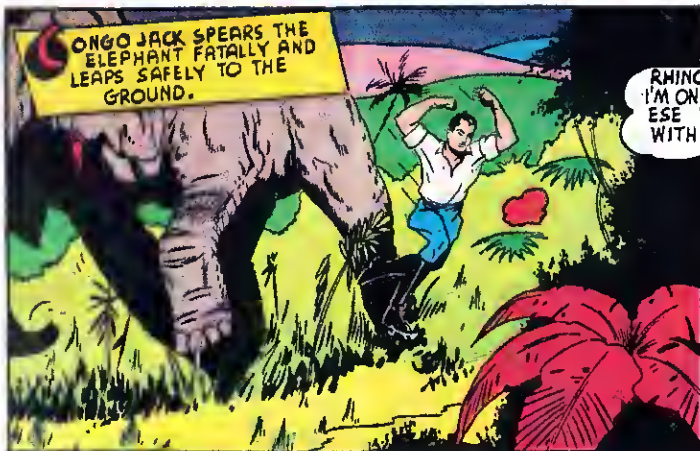


CONGO JACK IS HURLED FROM THE TREE!



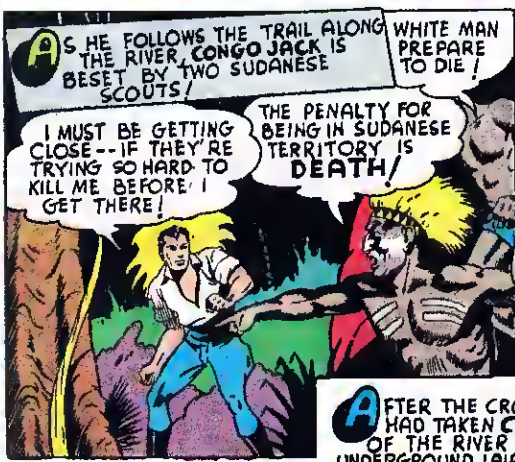
THE ELEPHANT AND THE SPEAR ARE GOING TO MEET IN ANOTHER SECOND-- AND IT BETTER BE THE SPEAR THAT GETS THERE FIRST.





CONGO JACK SPEARS THE ELEPHANT FATALLY AND LEAPS SAFELY TO THE GROUND.

STILL DEEPER INTO THE SUDANESE COUNTRY CONGO JACK FINDS--
RHINO HOOF MARKS AND WHITE HAIRS! I'M ON THE RIGHT TRAIL. THE SUDANESE VILLAGE CAN'T BE FAR OFF! NOT WITH THIR SACRED RHINO ROAMING AROUND HERE!



AS HE FOLLOWS THE TRAIL ALONG THE RIVER, CONGO JACK IS BESET BY TWO SUDANESE SCOUTS!

WHITE MAN PREPARE TO DIE!

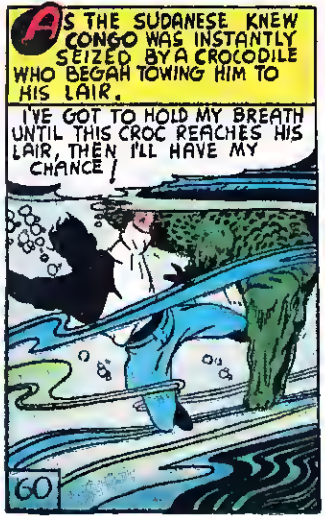
I MUST BE GETTING CLOSE-- IF THEY'RE TRYING SO HARD TO KILL ME BEFORE I GET THERE!

THE PENALTY FOR BEING IN SUDANESE TERRITORY IS DEATH!



THERE'S ONE! AND AS FOR YOU--**UGH!**

NO MAN COMES FORTH FROM THAT RIVER ALIVE!



AS THE SUDANESE KNEW CONGO WAS INSTANTLY SEIZED BY A CROCODILE WHO BEGAN TOWING HIM TO HIS LAIR.

I'VE GOT TO HOLD MY BREATH UNTIL THIS CROC REACHES HIS LAIR, THEN I'LL HAVE MY CHANCE!



AFTER THE CROCODILE HAD TAKEN CONGO OUT OF THE RIVER TO ITS UNDERGROUND LAIR, CONGO SHOT HIM, KILLING HIM INSTANTLY.

LUCKY I KNOW THE HABITS OF CROCS, NOT TO KILL THEIR PREY BEFORE THEY BRING THEM TO THEIR DENS!



CLIMBING OUT THROUGH A HOLE IN THE ROOF OF THE CAVE, CONGO JACK IS AMAZED TO SEE ---

THE SUDANESE VILLAGE!!

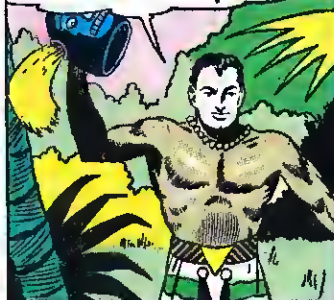
CONGO JACK ENCOUNTERS A SUAGNESE WARRIOR OUTSIDE THE VILLAGE'S STOCKADE BUT DISPOSES OF HIM WITH ONE TERRIFIC SMASH!

A WHITE MAN/YOU--UGH/



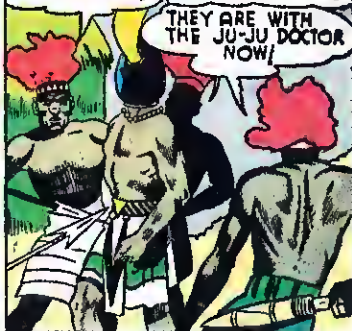
CONGO DRAGS THE WARRIOR INTO THE JUNGLE AND DONS HIS CLOTHES AND WAR PAINT.

IT'S THE ONLY WAY I'LL EVER BE ABLE TO GET NEAR TO DAN AND MARY WITHOUT AROUSING SUSPICION RIGHT AWAY!



STRIDING BOLDLY INTO THE VILLAGE CONGO DISCOVERS THE HUT IN WHICH THE CAPTIVES ARE IMPRISONED BUT--

WHITE CAPTIVES SEE NO ONE! ONLY THE EXECUTIONERS!



CONGO CUTS A HOLE IN THE REAR OF THE JU-JU DOCTOR'S HUT AND OVERHEARS--

AS THE JU-JU DOCTOR LEADS THE WAY, CONGO STEPS THRU THE HOLE INTO THE HUT AND LEAPS UPON THE LAST EXECUTIONER.



MASQUERADING AS THE THIRD EXECUTIONER A CONGO HURRIES INTO THE CAPTIVES' HUT.



COME WITH ME TO TAKE THE WHITE CAPTIVES TO THE DEN OF THE WHITE RHINO!

WITH THE EXECUTIONERS VANQUISHED, CONGO HACKS AN OPENING FOR THEM TO ESCAPE THROUGH.

OH CONGO! I OWE YOU SO MUCH FOR SAVING OUR BABY!

NOW TO SAVE THE BABY'S PARENTS!

I SURE THOUGHT IT WAS ALL UP WITH US, CONGO--UNTIL YOU CAME!



CONGO LEADS THE EARLY-CAPTURED CAPTIVES TO THE STOCKADE.

CONGO / EVEN IN THAT GET-UP YOU'RE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!



SO FAR, SO GOOD! THEY HAVEN'T NOTICED OUR ESCAPE FROM THE BACK OF THE HUT.

BUT THE JU-JU DOCTOR HAD DISCOVERED HIS SENSELESS EXECUTIONERS AND HAD PREPARED A TRAP FOR THE WHITES!



AT THE SIGNAL SUDANESE WARRIORS DROP A HUGE NET IMPRISONING CONGO JACK AND HIS FRIENDS.



CONGO IS AGAIN RETURNED HIS CLOTHES AND WITH THE OTHERS TAKEN TO THE SACRIFICE PIT.

SOON, WHITE DOGS--YOU WILL DIE! THE MAN AND WOMAN--FOR DARING TO HUNT FOR OUR SACRED WHITE RHINO! AND THE OTHER--FOR ENTERING OUR TERRITORY!



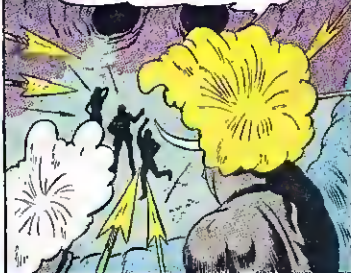
MENACED BY SPEARS, THE CAPTIVES HEAR THEIR DOOM FROM THE JU-JU DOCTOR!

YOU ARE NOW IN THE PALACE OF THE WHITE RHINO BEHIND YOU ARE CAVES. IN ONE OF THEM IS THE WHITE RHINO. IN THE OTHERS--MURDEROUS WILD BEASTS



THE WHITE CAPTIVES ARE GIVEN THEIR CHOICE BY THE JU-JU DOCTOR.

CHOOSE ONE OF THE CAVES! MAYBE YOU WILL BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE KILLED BY THE WHITE RHINO! IF YOU HESITATE--YOU WILL BE SPEARED TO DEATH SLOWLY!



CONGO MAKES THE DAREO CHOICE!

THE THREE CAUTIOUSLY ADVANCE THROUGH THE TUNNEL IN THE CAVE --

KEEP YOUR CHIN UP, MARY! CONGO IS WITH US.

THEY WILL KILL US IF WE STAY HERE! FOLLOW ME!

WE'VE GOT TO TAKE THE CHANCE. LET'S GO!

I WONDER WHAT'S AT THE END OF THIS TUNNEL? I-- CAN'T--STAND--THIS--MUCH LONGER!



SUDDENLY THE CAVE'S INHABITANT SPRINGS AT THEM—A HUGE WOLF!



COME AND GET IT!

CONGO'S THRUST SLAYS THE WOLF!



WE'RE SAVED! NOW WE'VE GOT AN EMPTY CAVE TO HIDE IN—WITH THIS CREATURE DEAD!

IF I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE SUDANESE, WE WON'T BE LET OFF THIS EASY!

THE TUNNEL ENDS AND FORKS IN SEVERAL MORE.

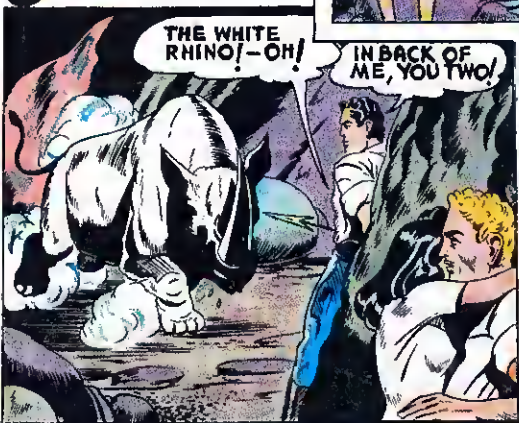


MAYBE WE'LL FIND A MEANS TO ESCAPE.

THERE'S NO REASON WHY THIS TUNNEL SHOULDN'T LEAD TO SAFETY.

QUIET— YOU TWO!

A GAIN CONGO JACK'S SIXTH SENSE WARNS HIM --



THE WHITE RHINO!—OH!

IN BACK OF ME, YOU TWO!

CONGO SHOVS THE TWO OUT OF THE WAY, PLANTS THE SPEAR IN A HOLE AND LEAPS OUT OF THE WAY!



I COULD NEVER HOLD THE SPEAR BEFORE THAT RHINO'S CHARGE— BUT THE WALL CAH!

AND THE WALL DID! THE WHITE RHINO IS KILLED!



OH, CONGO JACK! YOU DID IT!

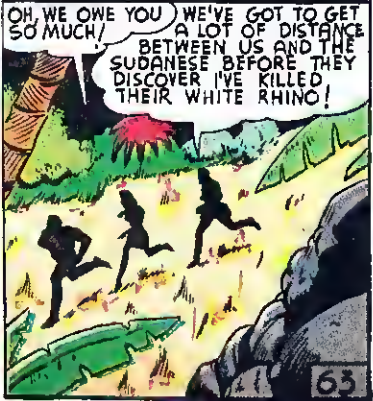
NOT YET! BUT I'M GOING TO— WITH THE HEAD OF THE WHITE RHINO!

WHEN CONGO COMES OUT OF THE CAVE BRANDISHING THE HEAD OF THE WHITE RHINO—THE NATIVES FLEE IN TERROR!



RUN! THE WHITE RHINO IS COMING!

SEIZING THE OPPORTUNITY THE THREE FLEE INTO THE JUNGLE WHILE THE NATIVES ARE STILL BEWILDERED.



OH, WE OWE YOU A LOT OF DISTANCE BETWEEN US AND THE SUDANESE BEFORE THEY DISCOVER I'VE KILLED THEIR WHITE RHINO!



THE DISCOVERY COMES SOONER THAN THEY EXPECTED.

THE SUDANESE ARE RIGHT BEHIND US, CONGO!

WE'LL LEAP INTO THIS CROCODILE PIT! THEY'LL NEVER DARE TO FOLLOW US THERE.



CONGO LEADS THEM TO THE UNDERGROUND LAIR OF THE CROCODILES HOPING TO REACH THE RIVER AGAIN.

WE'LL NEVER GET TO THE RIVER!

JUST KEEP FIGHTING OFF THESE CROCS!



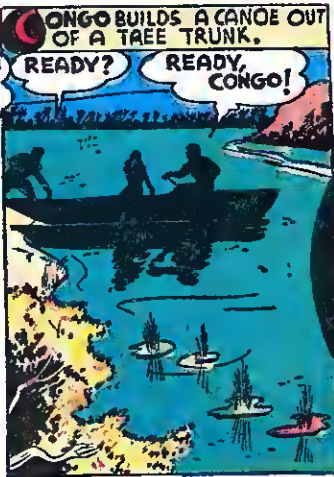
CONGO FINDS THE RIVER AND THEY SWIM FOR THEIR LIVES WITH THE CROCODILES JUST BEHIND THEM!



THEY REACH THE JUNGLE TRAIL!

OH, DAN - WE'RE REALLY SAVED!

JUST AS SOON AS I DIS - COURAGE THE LAST OF THESE BRUTES!



CONGO BUILDS A CANOE OUT OF A TREE TRUNK.

READY?

READY, CONGO!



BADIKI IS JUST AHEAD!

I'LL BE ABLE TO SEE OUR BABY BOY AGAIN!



WITH THE BABY AND HIS FRIENDS RE-UNITED, CONGO AGAIN DEPARTS FOR THE JUNGLE WAYS.

GOODBYE, JACK!

GOOD-BYE!

"DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF CONGO JACK IN LIGHTNING COMICS!"

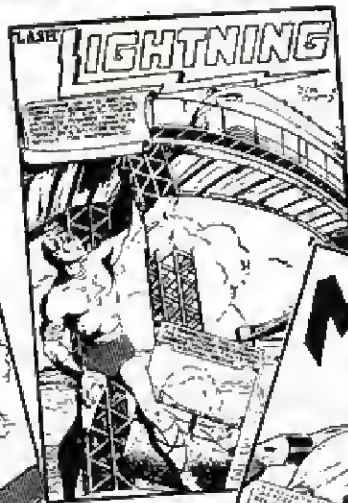
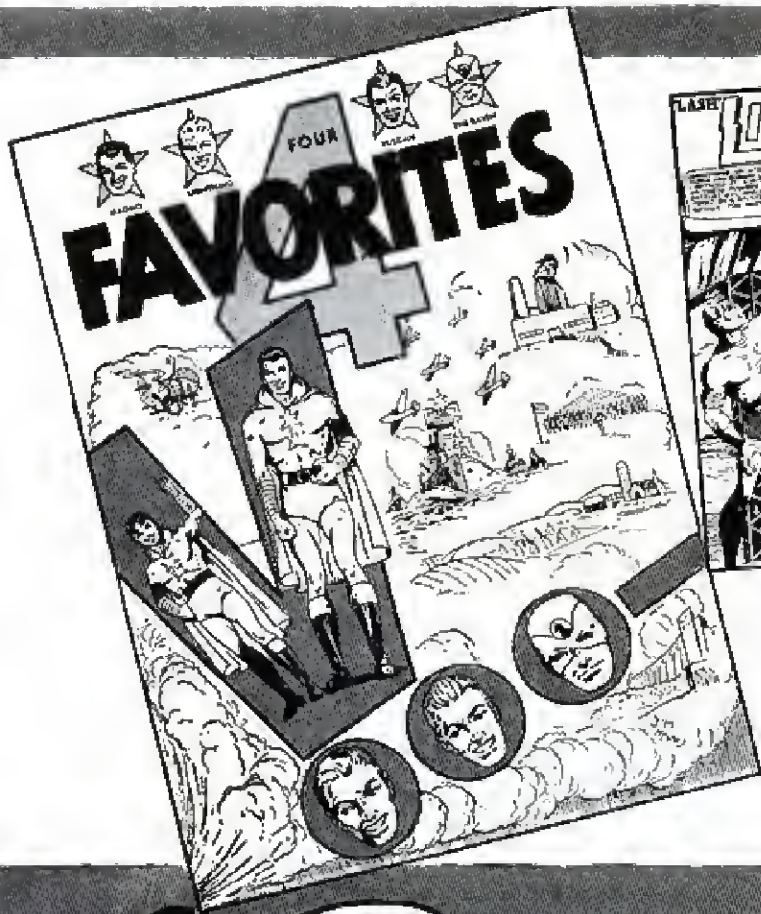
STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of Lightning Comics, published bimonthly at Springfield, Mass.
for October 1, 1941
County of New York } 55.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. A. Wyn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Lightning Comics and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, A. A. Wyn, 67 West 44th St., New York, N. Y., Editor, A. A. Wyn, Managing Editor, Frederick Gardner, Business Manager, A. A. Wyn.
2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock; if not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given; if owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Ace Magazines, Inc., 67 West 44th St., New York, N. Y., Warren A. Angel, Rockville Centre, New York.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if there are none, so state.) None.
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affirmatively a full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.
5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.) A. A. Wyn, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me on the 10th day of September, 1941.
SHIRLEY L. BERICK, Notary Public, Bronx County, Bronx Co. Clerk No. 220
Certificate Filed in N. Y. Co. Clerk No. 1085, Commission Expires March 30, 1948



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